MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

WHY YOU CAN'T BUY A HOUSE
By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

How One Woman Came BACK FROM INSANITY

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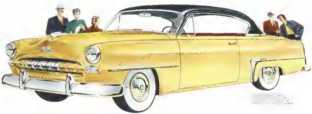

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2. Night cream

3. Make-up base

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EDITORIAL

A FOND FAREWELL TO HARRY S. TRUMAN

IN THE twentieth of this month the United States of America will install a new President a man whose greatness has been acclaimed by the whole free world for ten years or more Like everybody else we wish him well that goes without saying But it seems a good moment to recall what we owe too to the man who is stepping out a man whose qualities have been less generously acknowledged by all countries especially his own

Ladies and gentlemen we give you Harry S Truman the most underestimated statesman of this century

When Franklin Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945 it seemed to many that he had suffered the fate of Moses to reach but not to cross the very threshold of the Promised Land VE Day was less than a month away The experiment in atomic research on which he had gambled two billion dollars had provided the weapon for a painless (for us) defeat of Japan. The San Francisco Conference had been called, at which would be built the brave new world of international co operation for which blueprints had already been drawn at Dumbarton Oaks Things were so well in hand that even Harry Truman (so we said patronizingly) even this Missouri haberdasher might be able to carry them through

Within four months the bright hopes of San Francisco had faded The conference itself was ominous enough Then Igor Gouzenko came to the RCMP with his story of what our Soviet Allies had been doing to us or trying to do When Prime Minister Mackenzie King left Ottawa that autumn to warn Truman and Attlee he said to a cabinet colleague "The United Nations Charter is as dead now after three months as the League of Nations Covenant was after fifteen years "

President Truman was faced with the situation President Roosevelt had not foreseen —had steadfastly refused to foresee For seven years Truman met an implacable series of terrible decisions on any one of which our common fate may well have hung

First he had to deal with Communist aggression in Greece, cleverly disguised as civil war against a none too palatable government His answer was the Truman doctrine of protection and containment firm and effective military aid to the victim.

Then he had to deal with the economic consequences of the most destructive war ever waged consequences which offered to Communism the chance of bloodless victory His answer was the Marshall Plan the most enlightened and generous act of policy that history records, and a magnificent success On the other side of the world the same principles were being applied in the occupation of Japan, itself unique in human memory never had a vanquished enemy been treated so like a friend, or so nearly become one

Finally he had to deal with the clear proof of Soviet rearmament and Soviet aims the completion of the Russian atomic bomb and the invasion of South Korea His answer is written all the way from the western bank of the Elbe to the tent at Panmunjom The United Nations army on the 38th parallel the European defense community and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization the three power pact in the Pacific and the supply line to Indo China and Malaya

Harry Truman didn't do all this himself—he had among others a great aide in Dwight D Eisenhower But if Truman is to be blamed for the things that went wrong the mink coats and the deep freezes the old friends to whom he was loyal and who let him down so badly, surely Truman ought to get some credit for the things that went right

For our money more things went right than went wrong If the new administration of the U S A does as well as the old one, the world can thank its lucky stars

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Dorothy Sangster

Sidney Margolius who writes on page 7 about our national housing troubles, has lately had personal housing troubles. Last fall he bought a new house partly built. His problem was to complete it before the snow flew Workmen and materials didn't turn up on schedule nothing went the way it was supposed to, and the first blizzard howled out of the north just as the Margolius manor was finally weatherproofed A resident of Port Washington, N Y, Sid is a consumer-research expert whose chief interest is 'helping people make the most of their incomes' He writes a syndicated newspaper column of advice to consumers Blue eyed vivacious **Dorothy Sangster** who tells the dramatic story of a woman's return from insanity on page 20 counts among her forbears **Charles Sangster,** the early Canadian poet and **E. W Thomson,** the early Canadian writer who gained fame with his tales of *habitants* Dorothy is a cousin of **Margaret Sangster,** the novelist and is the wife of **Sidney Katz,** a Maclean's editor She divides her time between writing for magazines and bringing up her lively sons Jeremy two and Stephen five who wants to be a writer too For an idea for this issue's cover, Toronto artist **Bill Winter** delved into his childhood memories of Sunday school

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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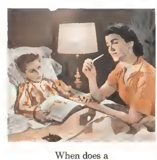

When does a "simple cold" become serious?

Whenever fever — even a degree or so above normal — accompanies a so-called "simple cold," it is serious enough to be called to the attention of your doctor.

Many of us are inclined to regard a cold all too lightly — even when it brings on a touch of fever. We may say "It will be gone tomorrow" and, relying on our favorite home remedy, attempt to continue our usual activities.

Doctors take a more serious view of colds. They believe that any cold should be properly treated — and preferably as soon as it develops. While many measures are used for the relief of colds, most physicians believe that the best treatment is simply this:

Remain at home and rest as much as possible, preferably in bed. Eat light wholesome food, drink plenty of liquids, and be sure to check your temperature.

The latter point is particularly important because the common cold often indicates the onset of more serious illnesses — even in rare cases, of broad list and various communicable diseases, including the various forms of pneumonia.

In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for many cases of pneumonia. So, in addition to keeping check on your temperature, it is wise to watch out for chills, pain in the chest or side after coughing or deep breathing, and the appearance of rust-colored sputum. *Should any of these symptoms of pneumonia develop, call the doctor at once.*

Fortunately, medical science has made enormous strides against pneumonia. Just a few years ago, one out of every three pneumonia victims died. Today modern drugs are so effective that only one out of every 25 cases is lost. This record should not lull anyone into a false sense of security — for pneumonia can still strike and rapidly become serious. Prompt treatment is just as vital as ever.

Good health habits help prevent winter ailments such as pneumonia. So during the cold months ahead, you may find these simple precautions helpful in conserving your resistance against colds, pneumonia, and other respiratory diseases:

Avoid loss of sleep, excessive fatigue, and over-exposure to extreme cold and dampness.

Eat a well-balanced daily diet.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

See your doctor for a thorough physical examination if you have frequent colds.

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

The Good Neighbors in the Big House

WHEN I was a small boy in Toronto there was a big house up the street at which I used to gaze in awe. It belonged to a Dr. Moorehouse and, to my youthful eyes, he seemed rich and powerful. When he went along the street carrying his satchel it was as if Rockefeller or the Shah of Persia or even the Mayor of Toronto had passed our way.

The Moorehouse family were not only neighbors but a dynasty. Unhappily I do not know what happened to the dynasty. There were sons but, like Carthage, they seem to have disappeared into the mists.

Today in London there is a family who live in a big house, not exactly at the head of the street, but in grounds of its own. They are citizens of the Borough of Westminster and no doubt pay rates and taxes to the local treasurer. They are also on the voters' lists for parliamentary and local government, although I am not certain that they exercise their right very often, if at all.

Lord Roberts

My first awareness of this family was on an exciting day in Toronto when a horse and buggy drove up to our house and the man handed them over to my father just as if the outfit was our very own instead of being hired for the afternoon. But suddenly my mother came out in a burst of tears and said that we could not go driving because Queen Victoria had died. Not to be outdone we five children wept very loud indeed but our grief was not unmixed with the regret that there was to be no buggy ride.

The years went on until my brother and I joined the Queen's Own Rifles, not out of any passion for militarism or any sense of duty, but because there was to be a great pageant on the Plains of Abraham far, far away in Quebec to celebrate the anniversary of Wolfe's defeat of Montcalm. And the Prince of Wales, the son of King Edward VII, was to inspect us in person.

When we marched past in line, it seems that we were a fine regiment or something. Lord Roberts, the famous "Bobs" of the South African war, rode at our head, for unknown to my brother or myself he was our colonel in chief. In the centre was the rather sad-looking Prince of Wales, also on a horse.

Princess Mary

But how exciting it was to see in the river the grey British battleships, a couple of French cruisers and one or two white gleaming American fighting ships. The world had come to Quebec! I wondered if some day, somehow, I would be able to cross the ocean and see London and perhaps Paris. It seemed unlikely, for my father was a philosopher who did not vibrate to the money medium, and as an office boy at three dollars a week it was even more unlikely that I would ever accumulate enough funds for the purpose.

Somewhere about that time King Edward VII died but my mother did not weep. She was not sure that King Edward had been a good man, and in her eyes goodness was the supreme human quality. However, I felt a certain personal pride that the sad-eyed Prince of Wales who had watched us do the march past was now the King. To that extent, although at a great distance, I was beginning to know the family.

August 1914! The King needed us, or at any rate that is what the newspapers said. My brother had died or he would have been among the first. With the realization that the war would only be a matter of two or three months I did not bother to enlist, although it would have been fun to have seen London at the government's expense.

Yet it was hard to walk past the recruiting sergeants on the streets. "What about joining up?" "It's a man's life, son." "We've got a job for you." "Your King and country need you." All right. I'll go quietly. So after a period of training I sailed on the Olympic with five thousand other Canadian soldiers and saw England loom up from the mists.

The family in the Big House were very busy. The King and Queen went everywhere encouraging the people, but the young Prince of Wales was causing a lot of trouble by insisting on going to France. His younger brother Albert was at sea with the fleet because he was a naval officer, but we were not much interested in him. He wasn't photogenic like the Prince of Wales. There were also

Continued on page 16

BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

About Ghosts and Scandals

WHATEVER became of the Immigration Scandal, the charge that some Canadian immigration officers and travel agents connived to sell visas to would-be immigrants?

It's just a year since the story broke. Search warrants were issued in Montreal last January and a huge mass of documentary evidence was seized by the RCMP. It was then assumed that court action was imminent. An article on the subject in this magazine was held up for weeks for fear of being in contempt of court. As it turned out, we needn't have worried.

To begin with, the RCMP took six months to sift the evidence. The documents were mostly in Italian, the one officer assigned to the case speaks no Italian and he had only one translator. He didn't finish until July.

Then his report went to the legal branch of the Citizenship and Immigration Department. They pored over it and the evidence all summer. But actual prosecution is a Justice Department job, so in early fall the dossiers went back to Justice.

There the man whose job it was to handle the case was busy on revision of the Criminal Code. He didn't finish with that until late October. Then he, in his turn, started at the beginning and worked his way through the whole immigration case.

Last month the forecast was that charges might be laid in mid-January. No one was inclined to lay any bets on it, though.

NOT LONG AGO a woman's page editor suggested women should be put in charge of defense purchasing. She thought no housewife would be as extravagant as the government in buying teapots, neckties, serving forks and nylon taffeta for the fighting forces. A friend clipped the column and sent it to T. N. Beaupre, assistant deputy minister of defense production, with the suggestion that he stay home and let his wife take over at the office.

Beaupre didn't disagree with either suggestion. He did point out with some glee that women are doing a large chunk of defense buying already. He named six and mentioned several others in the department who are now engaged in buying everything from machine tools and naval electrical fittings to floor wax and soap. Also, the executive assistant to the deputy minister of defense production is Miss Ruth Addison. Among other duties she writes a lot of the speeches that distinguished males utter.

Besides testifying to women's competence in the purchasing line, Beaupre went out of his way to disprove an antique libel on the sex, i.e., the notion that women can't keep secrets. Defense Production has had an admirable security record and the head of the personnel security section is a woman.

SPEAKING of speech writing, George Drew stepped on boggy ground when he attacked the Liberals for using ghost writers. They do, of course, but so do Progressive Conservatives. Both parties call them secretaries or research economists or some such title, but their job is to prepare material for MPs to use in speeches.

Progressive Conservatives employ two such experts full time. Melville R. Jack is paid

Continued on page 59

Cartoon by G. Brett

"A horse remodeled our home!"

Says **VIRGINIA MAYO** co-starring in **"THE IRON MISTRESS"**
A Warner Bros. Production — Color by Technicolor

Michael O'Shea's too generous a husband," says Virginia Mayo. "He gave me a horse — and revolutionized our lives. Now we practically make our home in the stables!"

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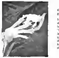

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DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

Our Sorry Record On Housing

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

To find out how Canada is matching similar countries in housing Maclean's assigned a social economist to survey the achievements since the war of Canada, Great Britain, the United States, Sweden and Australia. And how did Canada rate? Last

THE CANADIAN Welfare Council recently announced: "Housing remains the most serious and baffling social problem facing the Canadian people."

Everyone knows the housing shortage isn't peculiar to Canada. It's world-wide, an inevitable product of six war years in which birth rates outstripped death rates in most countries and the universal motto was guns before bungalows. No one—in Canada or elsewhere—has produced all the answers to the problems of housing. But in Canada there's one question that up to now hasn't even been asked:

"How well are we doing in comparison with other countries? Is the Canadian house hunter either specially favored or specially penalized because of being a Canadian?"

These are significant questions. To get factual answers to them I compared postwar home building in Canada with postwar building in the U.S., Australia, the United Kingdom and Sweden—countries of similar standards and circumstances except that bombed-out Britain started with the worst housing crisis of all.

The answer was startling. Canada lags far behind all these countries in its efforts to lick housing since 1946.

This article is accompanied by a chart comparing housing progress in the five countries I surveyed (see page 9). Here's what it reveals:

Canada has built fewer new houses per capita since 1946 than the United States, Sweden and Australia, but more than the United Kingdom.

In terms of population growth, Canada has built fewest houses of all. This is the most telling statistic because it indicates the comparative housing squeeze. Canada does have the worst squeeze with the possible exception of Britain of the five countries surveyed.

Part of the reason is plain enough. Canada has had the greatest population boom. Incoming immigrants piled upon thousands of new families launched after the war have swelled Canada's population thirteen and a half percent. Canada has both the highest birth rate of the five countries surveyed and the lowest death rate—a healthy place to live if you can find a house. In its fertile valleys and plains about thirteen percent more children have been born per capita in the postwar years than in the U.S., which has the next highest birth rate. Only Australia has had a population boom of similar proportions (twelve and one half percent). The U.S. has had a ten percent increase and the others don't even show in this race.

In proportion to these increases in population

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGES

These New Canadian Projects Are Just a Drop in the Bucket

At St. John's, Nfld., federal, provincial and city money built this unit.

At Windsor, Ont., the city sponsored development of lower-income homes.

At Toronto, the thousand-family Regent Park plan is two-third finished.

Canada has built fewer new dwellings than any of the other four countries. For every thousand new Canadians since 1946 (both home-grown and imported) we've completed 282 homes, compared with 304 for Australia. Compared with the U. S. housing here lags even more noticeably. The Americans started 417 new houses per thousand of new population from 1946 to 1951, roughly fifty percent more than we. (As the U. S. counts only housing "starts" the comparison between it and the other countries is closely approximate but not literally exact.)

Building here hasn't even kept up with the new families sprouted since the war, much less begun to catch up on the wartime construction deficit. From 1946 to 1951 about 513,000 new families appeared in Canada and only five hundred thousand homes were built to receive them, including old houses converted into flats.

The pinch is especially tight right now. The housing boom that was rolling along nicely in 1950 burst the next year. Look at these figures: 1950, ninety-two thousand houses started; 1951, sixty-nine thousand; 1952, an estimated seventy thousand.

In 1951 there were 128,000 new marriages; most of these couples became immediate or prospective homeseekers. About thirty-seven thousand new families arrived from abroad while only nine thousand left Canada to join the house hunt elsewhere, mostly in the U. S. A third of a million new children were born here to bulge the walls of homes already occupied. For all these, sixty-nine thousand housing starts. The builders are way behind the marriage-license clerks, obstetricians and immigration authorities.

By contrast, Australia, with a population forty percent smaller, put up almost as many houses—only fifteen percent fewer in fact.

Further aggravating the housing shortage in Canada's cities has been the movement of people within Canada. During the last three years the wartime rush to the cities has been accelerated by another wave of industrialization. Other countries undergoing industrialization have experienced a rush to the factories too, especially Denmark, Norway, Sweden, but not to the extent Canada has. Here factory employment, the barometer of city crowding, has increased about eighty percent compared with rises of fifty percent in the similarly expanding Scandinavian countries.

Little Sweden has been the fastest builder of the five countries surveyed, possibly because she wasn't involved in the war itself. In any case for every thousand inhabitants she's built forty-one new homes since 1946 and for every thousand of new population 773 new homes. (Denmark has built equally rapidly and Norway at even a higher rate.)

Britain is low man on our chart in actual number of new homes built in terms of her present population. But one out of every three British homes was damaged or destroyed by enemy action. Much of Britain's construction energies had to go into rebuilding, converting large houses into flats, throwing up temporary houses like the prefabricated aluminum shelter, and converting wartime service camps for family life. We've also done some converting. Counting flats added that way Canada has provided 299 homes for each thousand of added population since the war. But the other countries don't keep the same statistics so we can't make any comparisons there.

But maybe we had more homes than the other fellows to start with. Could that be why we seem to lag in current building?

Well, no. I looked into that too. Few countries have up-to-date data on total homes in existence. (Canada keeps the most thorough figures of all.) But in comparison with the U. S., in 1950 we had two hundred and sixty homes for each thousand inhabitants; they had three hundred. Sweden, even back in 1945 when she last counted, had 314, and has been building with both hands since. In 1947, when Australia counted up, she found 247 houses per thousand inhabitants and has since been building more rapidly than we have here in Canada.

Of course, Canadians may require or be accustomed to better houses than people in some of the other countries. We've been able to compare numbers but not quality. A Canadian home must be better built and equipped to withstand the colder climate here. In the south of the U. S. and much of Australia it's possible to build houses without the deeper foundations and heavier insulation required in much of Canada. Too, a home to a Canadian generally means a house. Two out of three Canadian homes are fully detached one-family houses, the costliest kind to provide. Only three out of five U. S. homes are fully detached. In England the semidetached family is famous: three out of four dwellings are joined unto the death by at least one other dwelling. In Sweden four out of five urban families live in flats. In fact it wasn't until the Forties when the Swedish government assumed responsibility for supplying the entire housing market that even a three-room apartment became standard in the cities. Previously the traditional working family's home in the larger towns was a flat of one room and a kitchen. Sixty percent of Canadian houses have four to six rooms.

In such amenities as flush toilets and central heating Canadian homes are much on a par with those in the U. S., census figures reveal, and even more Canadian families enjoy electricity, although Canadians use fewer mechanical appliances.

But to have comparatively good houses is obviously no full solution when there aren't enough to go around. One effect of the abrupt collapse of Canadian home building in 1951 was that the family of average means was pushed out of the housing market. From 1950 to 1951 the cost of building jumped fifteen percent as materials leaped eighteen percent and labor wages rose. Too, the mortgage interest rate went up one half of one percent in 1951 and another one quarter of one percent late in 1952, a jump of seventeen percent in financing cost. On top of that, real-estate taxes were raised by practically all towns. In the past three years taxes on houses have gone up an average of thirty percent, reports Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, the Ottawa housing authority.

Quite naturally the big project builders who put together moderate-priced bungalows by the hundreds began cutting down their operations. Requests for NHA government loans, which are generally on moderate-cost houses, dropped by half. Thus not only has less housing been built in the past two years but a smaller proportion of it has been in the moderate price bracket.

In 1950 almost two out of every five new houses were bought by families with incomes under three thousand dollars. For these houses the down payments averaged about nineteen hundred dollars. In 1951 only one of seven new houses was bought by a typical wage earner in the three-thousand-dollar bracket. The average family that did buy in 1951 had an income of four thousand dollars and was able to put down thirty-two hundred.

Contrary to the popular impression, the roadblock is not really a shortage of materials or labor. Early in 1951 the government took steps to curb home building because of rearmament. But those barriers were removed late that year and housing starts have fallen off anyway. The authoritative Maclean Building Report recently has been showing a fractional decline in prices of building materials, indicating an overhanging supply, especially of lumber. There's plenty of labor too. The Canadian government Labor Force Survey reported last May that there were twenty thousand construction workers hunting jobs. The tide of immigration aggravating the housing shortage is also bringing in a new supply of skilled building workers from abroad at the rate of nearly eight thousand a year recently.

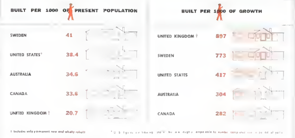
One serious holdback, according to David Mansur, president of Central Mortgage and Housing, is the growing scarcity of serviced land, especially on the rims of the larger cities where the need for more houses is also keenest. Most people think a place to put down houses is the last thing to worry about in the vast domains of Canada, but houses need roads, water mains, sewers and schools. Central Mortgage estimates these services cost a town two thousand dollars for each new home. Most towns have already swallowed a throng of new families since the war. Now town fathers are apt to sigh wearily and say they've digested all the new homes they can for the time being. A growing number of schools already are on a two-shift basis.

Overriding even the shortage of serviced land is the shortage of money, the magnet that brings materials, men and the services to a site on which houses will appear. At the last two meetings of the National Retail Lumbermen's Council these close observers of the housing problem unanimously reported that labor and materials are available and more houses would be built if more mortgage money could be made available at rates within reach of the people needing homes.

My survey shows it is harder to finance a home in Canada than in any of the other five countries studied. It's harder to find someone to lend the money, you can't borrow as high a proportion of the total cost, and you must pay more for interest.

In most countries, including Canada, national and local governments have *Continued on page 55*

DETAILED COMPARISON OF NEW HOMES BUILT, 1946-51



† Includes only permanent new and wholly rebuilt

* U. S. figures are housing "starts" but are roughly comparable to number completed over a period of years

Prefabs like this U.S. steel-and-aluminum job are solving acute problems in some countries

To the logical adult eye much of Saint John is ugly and tumbledown. But, as it did when Tom and Huck rolled down the Mississippi, the poetry of boyhood still can make a fool of logic

Karsh's Saint John

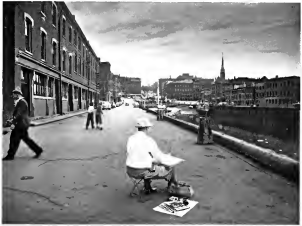
Youth and Age in a Timeless Seaport

Yousuf Karsh sees Saint John as a strange blend of old and new, where crumbling buildings, weathered gravestones and ancient trades contrast sharply with the youth of a new generation

MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS ago, Bliss Carman the poet said this about Saint John

All the beauty and mystery
Of life were there adventure bold
Youth, and the glamour of the sea
And all its sorrows old

Another great Canadian artist said the same thing through a different medium when Yousuf Karsh turned his camera on the Saint John of today for the fifth of his picture essays on Canadian cities for Maclean's. Saint John treasures the venerable and salty fabric of its history and in the material things at least pays certain penalties for them. Its slums partly the product of a disastrous fire seventy years ago partly an economic legacy from the death of the wooden sailing ship, are among the worst in Canada. Even the most devoted natives urged the photographer not to neglect the crowded homes whose harsh decaying architecture is known by the sardonic epithet "Saint John Gothic." Some progress has been made in slum clearance in the last decade, they were quick to add but to find Carman's beauty and mystery he would have to turn his camera outward to the sea and inward to the quick proud hearts of the people who live beside it.



Young faces and old features give Saint John an eternal quality

The Market Slip at the foot of Saint John's three-block main street was the landing place of ten thousand United Empire Loyalists in 1783. Here, while two bobby soxers roller skate toward its upper end, Jack Humphrey, a noted New Brunswick artist, makes a color sketch of the Slip. Karsh admired Humphrey's work and rejoiced when he won a recent Dominion fellowship

Most of the Loyalists who founded Saint John lie in this ancient burial ground where children now play around tombstones that date as far back as 1784. Some of the tenements on the right have been condemned for many years. Karsh reported "I found one building with the roof burned off and people still living in it." (For more detailed and startling information on the general picture of housing in Canada see the article preceding this.)

Fishing weir in the harbor is used to net herring, alewives, salmon and shad. The scarecrow at left fools some of the ducks some of the time

Karsh's Saint John *continued*

The Timeless Sea

Ships and men may pass, but in Saint John the sea's demands are forever unchanging

The Guardian of the Sea

SAINT JOHN residents know better than anyone else in Canada that in celebrating "the glamour of the sea" Bliss Carman did well to note that a necessary concomitant is "its sorrows old." When the first federal census was taken Saint John as a handy port of entry to a new and promising nation and as a centre of shipbuilding and commercial fishing was Canada's fourth largest city, eclipsed only by Montreal, Quebec and Toronto. But with the opening of the west and the growing popularity of the steel hull, Saint John slipped gradually to fifteenth place. Today, nevertheless, it still lives on amicable terms with the Atlantic, which is sparing with its fogs and funnels enough traffic through the Bay of Fundy to keep the seaport fourth in cargo volume behind Montreal, Vancouver and Halifax. Fish are so abundant in the harbor that they sometimes follow the ship into the dry dock with the tide and obligingly wait to be scooped out of the locks. Fundy years ago had a terrible reputation among mariners because of its tides, reefs, islands and by no means nonexistent fogs, but thanks to the harbor pilots and modern navigation aids it is now considered as safe as any harbor. After his long apprenticeship a Saint John pilot is qualified to sail anything that floats anywhere there's water

The Tools of the Sea

Virtually everybody in Saint John fishes for fun or for money or both. Drying nets are almost as familiar a sight as dry fly anglers

The Toilers of the Sea

The tides supply a natural dry dock. This ship, undergoing a fast repair job in the Market Slip, will be afloat again in a few hours

The Aristocrats of the Sea

Bay of Fundy pilots, shown here awaiting calls from incoming and outgoing ships have to navigate water with the highest tide range anywhere. Most of those shown here are sons or grandsons of pilots. They command high pay and world wide respect

The Timeless Look

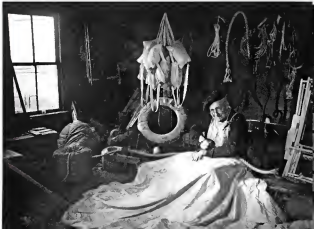
In the market, old faces look young and on the street corners young faces look old in these unposed portraits by a great portrait photographer

THE LIFE of Saint John revolves around the city's market. Karsh decided that when he took his camera there he was confronted with the same problem that has plagued him in each of the city stories he's done in his current series for Maclean's: every time they see his camera people want to pose. For this strip of unposed studies of faces young and old he waited until a radio broadcast from the market area began and wandered quietly through the crowd stealing candid shots. Later Karsh and his wife took part in the broadcast themselves and were pursued by autograph hunters for the rest of the day. But their status as VIPs, while it made working difficult in a few cases, had its compensations. The mayor, for instance, provided a car and a driver from the police force. "To any city dweller that was heaven," Karsh reflects happily. "Park anywhere and get the ticket fixed before it's issued." ★

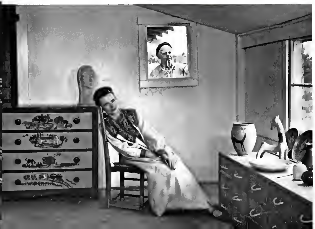
NEW CRAFTS AND ANCIENT SKILLS

In Saint John, Karsh photographs the first of the very new artisans and the last of the very old

Eighty year old sailmaker, William Holder, once fitted out some of the finest backs, schooners brigantines and full riggers on the seven seas. He still makes an occasional sail for a racing yacht, but his chief output now is tarpaulins, awnings and storm curtains for steam vessels.



Hand fired and hand painted pottery have made Kjeld and Erika Deichmann, Danish immigrants, internationally famous. The contrast between their studio and William Holder's shop seemed an apt accent and punctuation mark to Yousuf Karsh's most lasting impressions of Saint John.



A Maclean's Flashback

Kit wowed hardened newspapermen at a dramatic trial, a war, and with her pithy advice to the lovelorn

QUEEN OF THE SOB SISTERS

Her fame as the world's first woman war correspondent is only part of the story of Kit of the Mail. She was also Dorothy Dix, Emily Post and Nellie Bly and more than a match for men when a scoop was in sight

BY JOHN SANFORD

AN AMERICAN soldier engaged in fighting a war with Spain from the back porch of the Tampa Bay Hotel one day in the summer of 1898 was heard to tell his buddies, "By gosh, for a five card draw she's got stuff. There's steam comes out of her boots all the time and the whole Chicago Fire Brigade don't put her out."

The warrior was appraising Mrs. Kathleen Blake Watkins, a tall redhead from Canada who at that time was winning international fame as the world's first woman war correspondent, while politely thumbing her nose at her male counterparts. His description might have been equally applicable at any time in the career of this lively Irishwoman who swept onto the Canadian newspaper scene in the Victorian Eighties and remained its most fabulous figure until her sudden death in 1915.

As the social conscience of Ontario she issued dicta on proper manners and morals in the kitchen and on the love seat, and as a news reporter for the Toronto Mail and Empire she scored sensational scoops on many of the biggest stories of the day. She was Dorothy Dix, Emily Post, Nellie Bly and Sarah Bernhardt wrapped into one long slim package.

In a pre-Kinsey era she was the champion of virtue who railed at the dangers of kissing. Thrice married herself, she campaigned to have wife-beaters flogged. For more than twenty years "Kit of the Mail" was read as avidly by Toronto charwomen as she was by Lady Laurier in Ottawa. Society fawned on her but she remained aloof and even refused to receive visitors in her own home.

With her deep auburn hair piled high, flashing eyes the color of sherry and a queenly manner, she bustled about the streets of Toronto and Hamilton, building up a legend. She was so near-sighted that she wrote in pencil with her nose an inch from the paper, yet she could peer into the human mind and see its secrets.

At the time that Mrs. Watkins, formerly Mrs. Willis, later Mrs. Coleman, hit the newspaper business, lady wrestlers were held in higher regard than the ladies of the Press. Their survival was scarce too. Newspaper editors grudgingly hired women to write about food and fashions but they maintained that those women who could read were interested in no more than the niceties of preserving kumquats and how to fit a twenty-inch corset around a thirty-inch waist.

Kathleen Blake was born in Castle Blakeny, a large house with a turret, near Galway, Ireland, in 1864. At sixteen she was married to an elderly friend of the family, who was supposedly well fixed. Little is known of him, except that he died a few years later leaving a large legacy of debts. When Kathleen finished paying them she was left with fifty pounds and a maid. She left the maid at the dock and emigrated to Canada.

Not yet twenty, she arrived in Toronto in 1884 where she met, and later married, a businessman named Edward Watkins. They moved to Winnipeg and had two children but the marriage soon broke up. She brought her children, a boy and a girl, back to Toronto.

The first step in her transition from Mrs. Kathleen Watkins to Kit of the Mail came at a tea where she met E. F. Sheppard, founder of Saturday Night. He invited her to try her hand at writing. She wrote a piece on the Bohemian life of Paris, where she had once gone to school. The article was read by Christopher Bunting, owner of the Mail, and he gave her a job in 1889. The first column she brought into the office was pasted up, page after page, to form a twenty-foot strip.

For the next twenty years Kit wrote Woman's Kingdom every week. It was a full page of comment and correspondence illustrated with ornate scroll work, hearts and flowers. Within a few months she had injected politics, personalities, poetry, satire on society women, books, sports and even sex into her columns. She wrote thousands of words every week, all in rapid mannish scrawl. Her work covered an eight-column page of tiny eye-taxing type. Read today, most of it sounds hopelessly archaic, but in the idiom of her times it was great. She received hundreds of letters every week, most of them asking a question or seeking advice. She didn't bother to print the letters, merely her frank and fulsome replies:

> Fay — It is wrong of you, very wrong. Every girl should respect her own body absolutely. She should never permit herself to be kissed and embraced even by a man old enough to be her great grandfather. Faugh! You hint that a girl should only permit herself to be embraced by the man to whom she is engaged. What of a girl who has been engaged to different men at different times? I knew a girl who was engaged fourteen different times and each time to a different swain. She certainly was adept at kissing when she was at last led to the altar.

To another who signed herself Miserable Kit said:

> How can your husband attend sanely to his business duties if you are always hanging on his shoulder when he comes home, tearful and red-nosed, telling him he doesn't love you any more? I'd like to shake some sense into young married women like you. You are so stupid. Just imagine tearing up a plant every few days to look at its roots to see if it's growing!

She had an answer for nearly every question and an opinion on most things. She told Young Man that vaseline would be good for his mustache, Mouser that she was suffering from indigestion, Nellie that her sister should see a scalp specialist, and Harold that if he ran off with his boss' wife he would be in danger of losing his job. When Phroso asked her how he could support his family of four on a salary of nine dollars a week, she confessed she didn't know.

Within a short time Kit's column was the most popular feature in the paper. One day when she brought her copy into the Mail a veteran reporter took her aside and admitted sheepishly that he often read it. Then he added, "But don't tell it around. The boys might hear."

Her salary, which had started at twenty-eight dollars a week, was raised to thirty-five, princely pay for a woman in those days. She never got another raise.

As her popularity grew the paper found bigger jobs for her. She went to London in 1892 to write a series of articles on places made famous by Dickens. She spent the entire summer of 1893 at the Chicago World's Fair. Four years later she was back in London again, this time to write about Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

"The women in the street blaze with diamonds and jewels," she wrote. "These women are largely the American contingent who never, it seems, can be taught the vulgarity of wearing gems on the street."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the most popular figures at the jubilee celebrations, was also one of Kit's greatest admirers. They had met at a party in Ottawa and corresponded more or less regularly. He invited her to go with him to a garden party at Buckingham Palace. Kit was staying at a dingy old rooming house in the East End. When Laurier's carriage from the royal stables pulled up at the door of the rooming house the neighbors hung out their windows and gawked. The door opened and Kit, carrying her parasol like a sceptre, swept out of the house and down the stairs. Lady Laurier sat with her back to the horses and Kit took her place beside the prime minister. She told friends later that on the way to Buckingham Palace she had to restrain herself to keep from nodding graciously to the people on the sidewalks.

Sarah Bernhardt became Kit's friend after her appearance in Toronto. They looked much alike.

Back in Canada she declared war on that deceiving device, the false. "Padding in the front of dresses should be avoided," she warned. "The heat of bust pads destroys and wastes the figure." To lend weight to her contention Kit added, "Sarah Bernhardt told me she did not begin to get stout until she laid her corsets aside forever some ten years ago. Now her figure is perfect. . . . Ellen Terry never wears the corset, neither does Mary Anderson."

With a typical change of pace her next paragraph dealt with theosophy. She could turn easily from a lament on the death of Timothy Eaton to a discussion of the Shah of Persia's kitchen, with its silver stoves.

Kit wrote frequently about her two children by her second marriage, Patsy and Thady. They were mentioned so often in her columns that they eventually became as well known as their mother. When they reached adolescence they took her aside and asked her to stop.

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RORY PETER'S LAST RUN

The bearded skipper of the Annie M feared only God and ran his rum right under the noses of the Coast Guard.

But the smell of green money was too much for the boy he loved like a son

By DAVID McDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

SECOND PRIZE, MACLEAN'S FICTION CONTEST

I BEEN to sea all my life which is fifty-six years to date and I ain't never met anyone like Rory Peter the Priest. You probably read about him in the papers back in the Twenties. The papers called him Captain Chisholm him being skipper of the schooner Annie M. out of Glace Bay.

Back in them days they was more people along the Atlantic coast knew Rory Peter than knew their own father. He would walk down the street in Gloucester or here in Halifax and the people would tip their cap to him and say "Good day Captain Chisholm. How's business?" And Rory Peter would bow his big black head a bit at them and smile. "Fearful good," he would answer, "thank the Lord." And he would move on stroking his beard like he was milking it.

You probably guessed why they called him Rory Peter the Priest. It was on account of he was so good. He was a terrible holy man. Even when he got real mad, which wasn't often, he never cursed. He might let loose with a shout you could hear all over the Grand Banks but he didn't say nothing bad. I remember once we was out near Sable Island when some real dirty weather hit us good. The mate, a big man from Little Harbor Deep in Newfoundland, got knocked over and he come up cursing the weather like a pirate. Talk about profane! Rory Peter made me take the wheel and he grabbed the mate. I never seen a man hit so hard. Cold as a mackerel with one punch. I remember that real good because I become mate a few minutes later.

There's quite a few hard-drinking fellows that sail from Nova Scotia but Rory Peter wasn't one of them. He didn't touch a drop, which may seem funny for the skipper of the most famous rumrunner on the Atlantic.

Far as he was concerned rum was just another cargo and more money in it than codfish. He was paid to deliver stuff from St. Pierre or the Indies to Rum Row and he done it better than anyone else. He might as well of been carrying apples or false teeth for all the difference it made to Rory Peter. Of course the American Coast Guard didn't quite look at it that way. They would of give their gold braid to catch the Annie M inside the twelve-mile limits. But he was always too smart or the Annie M was too fast. Anyways, we got away with it for seven years.

Rory Peter's home was in Glace Bay. His wife was Nine Annie Murdock. Her parents called her Nine Annie because she was their ninth child. Rory Peter and Annie had seven daughters. They was all fine girls, let me tell you.

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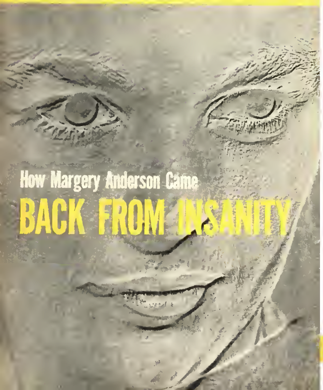

How Margery Anderson Came
BACK FROM INSANITY

BY MARGERY AND JOE ANDERSON

AS TOLD TO DOROTHY SANGSTER

IN DECEMBER 1945 Mrs. Margery Anderson, a slim, quick, dark-haired woman of thirty-one, suffered what her friends called a nervous breakdown and entered an Ontario mental hospital. By that very act she became several kinds of statistic: one of fifty-four thousand patients listed on the books of Canadian mental institutions; the one in twenty among us who at some time or other in our lives can expect to be struck by a mental disorder serious enough to require treatment; and the sick member of the one-in-five Canadian families who are stunned and shocked to find it can happen to them.

Eleven months later Mrs. Anderson (that is not her real name) was discharged and sent back to her community, one of the fifty percent of incoming mental patients who are able to leave hospital cured or greatly improved within eighteen months.

Neighbors who had whispered the year before, "Once you get in you don't get out," and "What a shame her life is finished so young," were confounded. Mrs. Anderson and her husband, of course, experienced far deeper and more complex feelings. They were happy to discover, as time went on, that, far from being finished, Margery Anderson's life, in a sense, began again from the time she packed her bag and left the hospital. Since then she has borne her first child; she has run a successful nursery school for three years and today holds an important full-time secretarial job which she performs with ease and efficiency. Her savings, together with those of her husband, are buying a pleasant home for them and their little boy in an eastern Ontario town.

She has never felt better in her life: she sleeps well and wakes refreshed, and her outlook on life is cheerful and constructive. Her hospital days seem very long ago and far away now, so far away that when I said to her, "It must be strange to think back on almost a whole year of your life blacked out in a mental hospital," she told me: "It's like a dream. If I didn't remember some things so clearly, and if Joe here didn't remember the rest, sometimes I'd swear it happened to somebody else and not me."

How did it all start, I wondered. What were their attitudes about mental hospitals before Mrs. Anderson was committed to one, and what do they think about them now? What is a mental hospital like behind its stone walls and wide grounds and how did it go about making her well again? Were the doctors kind, the nurses sympathetic? What of shock treatment, of which so much is heard, so little known?

Talking comes easily to Joe and Margery Anderson, who are both ex-schoolteachers. (Joe had to give up his high-school teaching career before his marriage because of ill health, and Margery stopped teaching during the war to take a job in a war plant.) Both the Andersons have a healthy attitude toward mental illness and no great inhibitions about discussing their experience. This is their story, as they told it to me.

JOE I've always thought that Margery was a war casualty just as much as the fellows who got shell shocked. That's because all our trouble started when the war ended and she lost her job in the plant. She'd been working as supervisor over a dozen other women, and some of them were pretty earthy types, you know, grass widows and the like. Their language could be fairly colorful when they let go; they weren't Margery's kind at all, and they resented taking orders from any snip of a girl who used to be a schoolteacher. On the other hand, my wife was responsible to a very strict, harsh boss who demanded the utmost of her and the women working under her. She was caught in between the two, the slave-driving boss and the un-co-operative women, and often she'd have to stay overtime to catch up on unfinished work. Looking back on it now, I guess she was pretty close to exhaustion.

MARGERY I didn't feel exhausted. Of course I felt under a strain, but there simply wasn't time to stop and think about things. You just kept going like everybody else.

JOE Of course I realize that the job may not have actually caused the breakdown all by itself. Doctors tell me it's not as simple as that. For all I know, what they call the "predisposing causes" of Margery's illness may have been there long before that, but if they were they certainly didn't show. Up until she lost her job she was her usual cheerful, sociable, good-natured self.

MARGERY Come to think of it, we were having quite a busy social life at that time. Joe was working in another war plant and we would come home at night and cook dinner together, and then maybe we'd go to a show, or over to see some friends. We didn't do anything especially exciting, just coffee and conversation, but we went out quite a bit on the nights when I wasn't working overtime. I guess I wasn't getting much rest.

JOE But nothing happened until the war ended and she lost her job.

MARGERY I tried and tried to get another. I'd taught school before our marriage, grade school and later high school, but the only teaching vacancies were in rural areas. Taking one would have meant I'd have to leave Joe, whose factory job was continuing. As for other kinds of work, there just didn't seem to be any. And I had to have a job because we were saving every cent we could lay our hands on to buy a house and start a family. I was over thirty and I loved children. I wanted to have a baby desperately.

JOE I've sometimes wondered if frustrated motherhood mightn't be somewhere at the back of Margery's mental illness. We had decided early in our marriage that it wouldn't be right to have a child until we could give it a home, and that was what we were working toward. But sometimes it seemed that Margery couldn't wait. She stared longingly at every baby we passed on the street.

MARGERY I've always loved children. When I was small I walked my feet off pushing other people's babies around in their prams. I kept my dolls' carriage until I was eighteen. Then I gave it away to a poor little girl, and when I saw how she treated it I sat down and cried. As a teacher I always enjoyed small children and, as Joe says, I wanted a home as fast as possible.

Continued on page 50

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN tells

When Ignorance Is Bliss

Bob doesn't know a caucus from a crocus or what happens when you get past the Mediterranean, but just try him on the hypotenuse

ONE THING I've always been terrified of is being invited to appear on a quiz program. I have visions of myself sitting there in absolute red-faced silence for a solid half hour while my colleagues, whom I'm letting down horribly, look at me with puzzled little smiles.

For instance, I can imagine them asking me something about the American Civil War, which I missed at school because I was having my tonsils out. I know that Lee, Jackson and Sherman were quite prominent in it, but I don't know what side they were on or who won, and I usually associate the whole thing with cigars, old southern hotels and the names of towns I've tried to find lan belts in.

Another thing: no matter how I purse my lips and make little tents out of my fingers, the British North America Act is, for me, a lot of men in a line drawing planting flags and a guy named Rodney Charles who always said he could lick me and was quite right. I wouldn't know a Second Chamber from a caucus, and God knows I never knew what a caucus was.

I realize now that most of my life I've been too busy high-stick handling, shooting back at streetcar motormen and catching the odd glance at a pair of pretty legs to pick up much wisdom, knowledge or many leather-bound books.

One resolution I made early in life was to form the dictionary habit. Make use of a word three times and it's yours. I remember I looked up paleontological. That was seventeen years ago and I've never found three sentences I could use it in yet. I tried it once. I got into an argument with a young intellectual who was crowding me too close and batted him back with "Possibly, except that much of it is rather paleontological."

My wife, who was passing toasted cheese sandwiches, looked up quickly as if thinking "Good heavens, what won't he come out with next?" and I began to wonder whether I'd used the right word or whether it was something I'd read in a book called The Scientific Side of Marriage, and I sat there blushing for the rest of the night.

One word that has been appearing like a sudden soft spot in a country road for me is *laissez faire*, which I always connect with a young man with a green cigarette holder saying "Oh *laissez faire, laissez faire*." I never did know the meaning of a "categorical no" and a "definitive biography" or "*belles lettres*."

In geography I can never remember what exactly happens after I get past the east end of the Mediterranean except that when I was a boy my map used to get very pink, and a little girl named Gladys Wolfer who was always getting her curls in my inkwell, marking up her tunic and reporting me to the teacher who regularly came down and belted me.

The Right Angle on Triangles

Yet along with all the stuff I've forgotten I remember the damnedest things. For instance I've always remembered that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. All my life I've had a vague hope of finding someone trying to figure out how big the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is, maybe kneeling on his lawn, his wife calling him for supper, looking worried, frustrated and stuck. And then I step up smiling. "Having trouble?"

He shakes his head. "I can't for the life of me figure just how big this square should be."

I look into his eyes. "Really?" I say. "The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides."

Another thing I remember is how to find the height of trees by triangulation. And if I ever find six men trying to pull a log down to the bank of a river with a rope and a pulley attached to a tree I'll simply attach the pulley to the log instead of the tree and tell three of them to go home. ★

DO CIVIL SERVANTS

EARN THEIR SALARIES?

BY BLAIR FRASER Maclean's Ottawa Editor

Everybody's heard wry stories of civil-service blimps squandering the taxpayer's money. But, if we must have Big Government, perhaps we're lucky so many outstanding men are prepared to try — in quadruplicate — to make it tick

ONE DAY last October a friend of mine noticed a gang of men putting storm windows on the upper floor of a government building in Ottawa. There were nine men but they had brought one ladder. One man was up on the ladder putting on the window. Eight stood at the foot offering advice and moral support.

My friend was amused but not surprised. A few nights before we had listened to another government servant tell how he had got a partition built in his office. It took ten weeks.

First he applied to the Public Works Department. Several weeks later an inspector turned up to see if the work was really necessary. He agreed that it was, and left.

More weeks went by. Then a large untidy heap of building material appeared in the office. After only a few more days two men arrived to put up the wall. The man whose office it was went joyously off to a meeting which lasted through lunch. When he got back the material was untouched and the two Public Workers were sitting in the hall, smoking. He asked what they were waiting for.

"The requisition slip," they said.

"Where was it to be found?"

"We don't know, but we can't start work without it."

A call to Public Works revealed, after long enquiry, that the slip had been mislaid; they would send a duplicate right away. By the end of the day it hadn't come. It did turn up next morning, but meanwhile the men had been sent to another job and didn't reappear for ten days.

Some years ago an impatient businessman, temporarily in government service, tried to bypass this morass. He wanted a buzzer on his desk and, after two weeks of dead silence from Public Works, he hired an electrician at his own expense to put one in. Before the job was half done a man from Public Works had turned up to tell them, severely, that it was against the law thus to tamper with a public building. He didn't put the buzzer in, though. That took more time and a different man.

Such stories are legion in Ottawa. Mention government inefficiency and you hear about the two-ton truck with the three-man crew delivering the one-pound package, the maintenance men queueing by the time clock at four-thirty to punch out at five, the time and exasperation it takes to get simple things done.

The stories are true, but it's ironic that they should be standard examples of bureaucracy's defects. In fact they are the exceptions.

It happens that the federal Public Works Department is one of the last havens of old-style political patronage, one that could be cleaned up in six months if the cabinet so desired. The commoner obstacles to efficiency nowadays are created by the very machinery designed to avert the old evils of patronage and corruption.

At its best, government efficiency is high. Dr. George Davidson, Deputy Minister of Welfare, offers to bet that his Family Allowances Division can handle a change of address faster than any magazine in the country. (I didn't take the bet.) Other departments put the same kind of challenge to other businesses. But it's still a fair question: Is government efficient enough for the job it undertakes to do?

Government takes more than a fifth of our income in these days of half-war, and even in peace it will never again take less than a tenth. Government employs one hundred and forty-five thousand civilians, more than three times its 1939 staff and not far below the wartime

Continued on page 17

Twenty thousand Government Girls turn the wheels of the huge Ottawa machine. For their story, see next page ▶ ▶ ▶

The hope of doing big things and meeting exciting people dreds of girls to the civil service every year. But red tape, the frustration of routine work and Ottawa's man shortage often bring disillusionment to

THE GOVERNMENT GIRL

By **ALAN PHILLIPS** Photos by Malak

In Indian Affairs Glee takes dictation before this impressive Ottawa backdrop

Calgary's Glee Jessee is one of the twenty thousand Government Girls at the heart of our biggest business

Watching the clock on the Peace Tower, Melba MacNaughton, Lois Clouse and Glee (right) take a swift sandwich lunch

Glee fixes a flat in her own car which she uses for week end trips

ONE COLD November morning in 1950 twenty five year old Glee Jessee of Calgary a tall good looking brunette turned her back on her steady boy friend, her parents and her well-paid job as secretary to an oil company executive walked briskly into the Civil Service Commission's Calgary office, and through the portals of the federal payroll into a brand new life in Ottawa.

As that national figure, the Government Girl Glee is a shadowy presence sensed but seldom seen behind regulations and services that touch us all. Federal officials are a helpless crew until "their girls" Glee and about twenty thousand others—hastily sign in at 9 a.m., relax, powder their noses open the files and start the typewriters calculators dictaphones and duplicators piling up the paper in quadruplicate.

In 1901 only seventy two women worked for the government and they were shut up in private rooms for fear of corrupting the men (or vice versa). Today, Glee and her counterparts operate the main types of office machinery and have picked up the entire bottom level of the civil service. In education, intelligence and character, they are head and shoulders over the kind of men their salaries used to attract and the government now has four female employees to every three male employees at Ottawa.

Glee is needed more than ever before for the country is suffering a shortage of trained office help. Last year for the first time since the war untrained girls were taken fresh from high school and paid fifteen dollars a week to learn enough to pass civil service exams. Married women are being recruited, age limits are being ignored, pamphlets and newspaper ads reach out for girls across Canada and still the government isn't getting its share of the best ones.

A few months ago a group of stenos and clerks from Britain came over to work under a federal-provincial immigration scheme. A federal recruiting officer met them in Montreal and tried to entice them to Ottawa. Two accepted. The rest said. "No thanks we've heard that men outnumber girls eight to one in Ottawa." This is not true. According to the latest census Ottawa has ninety five thousand males, one hundred and seven thousand females but the eight-to-one figure is widely accepted and Ottawa is described as a "bachelor's paradise, spinster's despair." Glee had been warned about the shortage of men at the capital but felt she was in a rut at Calgary and wanted new experiences. This is what most girls are looking for when they come to Ottawa: independence, a new and probably bigger city, new people, new and perhaps exciting work.

While men are scarce, they think "I'll never be an old maid." Like fighting men, the girls in the government ranks, at Glee's age or younger feel the casualties will be the girls at the other desks, not them.

When Glee applied at the Civil Service Commission's office in Calgary on that November day in 1950 they gave her a four page form to fill out. Glee listed her education (senior matric and a business college diploma) and her experience (five years as a secretary with Greyhound Bus, one year as an oil company secretary). Then she tried a typing and shorthand exam. Her nerves failed her. She flunked her typing, a minimum of forty words a minute. She tried again, did fifty-one. Then she waited to hear from Ottawa.

There was little doubt of her getting the job. The commission, largest employer of females in Canada, has never caught up with its needs since the war and teen agers without even a high school commerce diploma are being sworn in as public servants.

Before the war, Glee might have waited five years to get in the government. Today, an out-of-town girl who comes to Ottawa can walk into the commission's examining office on the third floor of the Jackson building, apply for a job in the morning, and walk out a civil servant that afternoon. But Glee's way is safer. And she waited only three weeks for a wire that told her to report for work if a Grade 2A was satisfactory.

In the civil service a beginner, steno clerk or whatever, comes in as a Grade 1A or 1B. Experience rates a Grade 2A or 2B. Glee's rating would pay her one hundred and forty five dollars a month, considerably less than she was making, but in her case pay wasn't the most important thing. Her real worry was whether she could live away from her parents. Her father, a retired CNR chief telegrapher, now a truck dispatcher, didn't think much of Glee leaving home but Mrs. Jessee approved. After all Glee was going to Ottawa where respectability is almost as rampant as vice is believed to be in Montreal.

Glee had heard that housing was tough. Loneliness, she thought, might drive her back to her parents unless she found a decent place to live. She wrote to the commission asking for more time in which to look for a rooming house. They wrote back and said she could have a room at Laurentian Terrace, a residence for government girls.

She arrived in the *Continued on page 38*

Many Government Girls use the Chateau Laurier pool. Glee climbs out, pursued by roommate Vi Wagner

"... the willingness to find a way"

A man who started a new business a few years ago recently wrote to pay tribute to the bank's part in helping to make it a success:

"We were fortunate in having, as our banker, a man who could combine with experience the willingness to find a way that called not for experience alone but for imagination as well."

The chartered banks are forever alert to the fresh problems, the changing needs of their customers. At all times, in all *your* banking problems, you can depend on your local bank to bring experience and imagination to the task of helping you to "find a way".

This advertisement, based on an actual letter, is presented here by

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER: A superlative British film centring on the jet-age pilots who fly faster than the speed of sound. The aerial poetry of its aviation sequences makes most other air thrillers seem like child's play. Not quite so impressive, but decently done nonetheless, is the human drama hatched all the conflicts around an iron-willed capitalist (Ralph Richardson) who values progress more highly than money.

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA: Shirley Booth's wonderfully detailed portrayal of a dimwitted, frowsy housewife is worth going out of your way to see. There's a lot of force and honesty in the close-up of a regrettable marriage, although husband Burt Lancaster is sometimes in turbulent waters a bit over his depth.

THE HAPPY TIME: An occasional touch of coyness does not prevent this from being, on the whole, a pleasant comedy about adolescence and romance in Ottawa in 1924.

HURRICANE SMITH: Shapely is the word for Yvonne DeCarlo, and corny is the word for this heavy-breathing, girtle melodrama co-starring John Ireland as a fugitive from justice. A homicidal shark deserves to be in the credits as the real star of the cast.

IVANHOE: The famous novel by Sir Walter Scott now becomes a satisfying medieval horse-opera on the screen and enjoyable entertainment for young and old. Robert Taylor, George Sanders, Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Fontaine are among the participants.

LIMELIGHT: Overlong in spots, this is still one of the finest movies in a generation and at its best it matches anything else Charles Chaplin has ever done. It's a bitter-sweet tale about a once-great clown who brings courage and beauty into the life of a forlorn ballerina. Claire Bloom, in the latter role, is the newest and most promising of Chaplin's discoveries.

MR. DENNING DRIVES NORTH: A somewhat muddled suspense item from Britain. It tells of John Mills' desperate attempts to conceal the accidental killing of a blackmailer.

MONKEY BUSINESS: A laboratory chimp unwittingly brews an elixir of youth, causing chemist Cary Grant and wife Ginger Rogers to start cutting up like teen-agers. There are moments of wit and hilarity in the screwy shenanigans, but the joke runs threadbare before the finish.

NEVER TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER: A tender, leisurely comedy-drama from Italy. Its small-boy hero (Vittorio Manunta) battles his way through a thousand obstructions, seeking the Pope's permission to admit the boy's sick donkey into the church of St. Francis. The photography is beautiful.

PENNY PRINCESS: A British comedy, more expertly acted than most of them but with a fair enough story idea wrapped up in it. A New York shopgirl (Yolande Donlan) inherits a pocket-size European country and floods the world with its basic product, an alcoholic cheese. A. E. Matthews is briefly amusing as an irascible tycoon.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE: Hollywood has done well by the Mayflower and its pilgrims, and the stout little ship's battering by a mid-Atlantic tempest is a real pulse-quickener. Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney and Van Johnson are on board.

STORY OF WILL ROGERS: America's cowboy humorist, who died in an Alaskan plane crash in 1935, is capably impersonated by his own son in this rather uneventful but genial biography.

WATER BIRDS: Another in the delightful series of wildlife featurettes—not a cartoon, although sponsored by Walt Disney and imbued with his familiar comic spirit.

Gilmour Rates

Affair in Trinidad: Drama. Fair.
African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
Because of You: Drama. Fair.
Because You're Mine: Lanza operetta comedy. Good.
Big Jim McLain: Spy drama. Fair.
The Big Sky: Adventure. Good.
Captive City: Crime drama. Good.
Carrie: Tragic drama. Good.
The Devil Makes 3: Suspense. Good.
Dreamboat: Satiric comedy. Good.
Fearless Fagan: Comedy. Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
The Fourposter: Marital drama. Fair.
Hawks in the Sea: Air war. Good.
High Noon: Western. Tops.
I Believe in You: Drama. Good.
Importance of Being Earnest: Oscar Wilde comedy. Excellent.
Island of Desire: Tropic drama. Poor.
Just for You: Crosby musical. Fair.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.
The Merry Widow: Musical. Fair.
Miracle in Milan: Italian fantasy. Good.

My Man and I: Drama. Fair.
Narrow Margin: Suspense. Excellent.
O. Henry's Full House: Multi-story package. Good.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Pat and Mike: Comedy. Excellent.
[illegible]: Drama. Fair.
The Promoter: British comedy. Good.
The Quiet Man: Irish comedy. Good.
Scaramouche: Costume drama. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Snows of Kilimanjaro: Drama. Good.
Somebody Loves Me: Musical. Good.
Son of Paleface: Bob Hope. Good.
Story of Mandy: Drama. Good.
Story of Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
Sudden Fear: Suspense drama. Fair.
The Thief: No-talk spy tale. Good.
We're Not Married: Comedy. Good.
What Price Glory?: 1914 war. Fair.
Where's Charley?: Musical. Fair.
Yankee Buccaneer: Adventure. Fair.
You for Me: Hospital farce. Fair.

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A YEAR OF ROYAL CELEBRATIONS! With processions, pageants, carnivals, festivals and thrilling sporting occasions in this most glorious of Coronation years.

Coronation year in Britain! From early Spring to late fall, a year of colour and pageantry, crowded with Royal occasions. Wherever you come ... wherever you go — in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland or Wales ... this is the year of years to visit old world Britain! Food is plentiful in hotels and restaurants in Britain. Favourable exchange rates give your dollars extra value in shops, hotels, theatres and on transportation. Plan your trip now—make enquiries regarding early reservations—without delay. For literature and all information about Britain, see your travel agent—or write direct to The British Travel Association, (Dept. MM 1) 372 Bay Street, Toronto, or 331 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.

Come to Britain

Rory Peter's Lost Run

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Anyway, we was heading back to the Bay one spring with not much in the holds but smell when Rory Peter says to me, "Hughie," he says, "I been to sea since I was f'rteen. I been master of this vessel since twenty-five. Now unless we get some money I'll have to give 'er up and work ashore. Annie and the small ones need food in their stomach and shoes on their feet."

"There's money in running rum," I says, "if you don't mind the business."

"Why should I?" he says right quick.

"Well, for one thing, you ain't a drinking man. D'ye think it's all right?"

Rory Peter looked real serious. He pulled on his pipe a couple of times. "With this here bunch of beard," he says, "I ain't got much use for a razor neither. If you want to use one, that's jake with me, long as you don't carve your own throat or someone else's."

I seen what he meant.

"Good enough?" he asks.

"Good enough, skipper," I says.

Make no mistake, we didn't have no part of the bootleg business they run here in Halifax. It was something fearful. They was some bootleggers here used to mix up one part of real rum with four parts of Belgium alky and sell it to a poor workingman for fifty cents. They used to color it with iodine or tobacco. People like them give us a bad name.

Lord, I remember some of the bootleg places here. Every second house on Water Street was a blind pig and some of them had the darndest rigs for keeping the police away. They was one place had a three-inch steel door. You couldn't get in with a cannon. In another place I seen you had to pass through an empty room to get to the parlor for drinks. They was a little doorway in one corner of the room. Behind it they kept four hungry dogs which wasn't averse to a meal of shin bone. One of the best places run for about three years before the police found out about it. An old plumber I knew built a tank between the roof and the top floor ceiling. It was only about half an inch deep and they filled it through the chimney. Of course the tank was all covered over, you know. The man who run the place, Charlie Palmer, only had to turn on the water tap to get rum. Other people would only get water. Charlie really had that tap trained!

Well, when the Annie M became a rumrunner Rory Peter carried on the same as usual. He would pick up his load of rum or whisky and deliver it to motor launches off New York or Boston. Sometimes a well-known rum-running vessel would sail along the coast about twenty miles out and draw the Coast Guard patrol boats away so we could go in close to shore. They called that a decoy. But most of the time the motor boats met us at night and took the cargo in.

When Rory Peter started running rum everyone heard about it but no one thought any less of him for it. He would walk down the street stroking his beard and the people would smile and say, "There goes Rory Peter the Priest."

We often used to go over to St. Pierre Miquelon to take on cargoes. Maybe I better explain. When they passed a law down in the United States saying it was wrong to drink the rum, runners used to get whisky in Canada and smuggle it into the States. The American government got pretty sore when they seen more people was drinking in Prohibition than knew what a drink was before it. So Canada passed a law saying liquor couldn't be sent to the States.

Well, that didn't work at all. Some of the Canadian distilleries was owned by Americans and they shipped liquor to St. Pierre, which is off the Newfie coast. They ain't no law against that. The Frogs would sign landing receipts and when the distillers brought them back they didn't have to pay no excise taxes. So all that happened was Canada lost a lot of money on the deal. Once the whisky arrived, the Frogs didn't care much what happened to it. They was making money just being first base. There wasn't no tax there. So you'd just take it out of one boat and load it into another. We'd deliver the stuff to speed boats off the American coast and then make a run to Nassau, where the liquor was consigned to in the first place. Down there the officials would sign a manifest of unloaded cargo as long as they was two different bottles aboard. There wasn't never any more. Most of the time we wasn't even breaking any laws.

IT WAS in St. Pierre that we first run into Colin Kell. Me and Rory Peter was on our way back to the Annie M one night when we heard a lot of hollering down an alley. We took a look in, not looking for trouble, mind you, and we seen three Frogs putting the boots to a young guy. Well, two

I can lick anyone in the house!

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Amazed them not with its remarkable economy. That story they knew.

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You'll find that we at AUSTIN agree with you completely about what a car should do for you.

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These are reasons why 10,000 Canadians ceased to be spendthrifts. We invite you to see and drive the new AUSTIN A 40 Somerset. Somehow we feel *you* want to become an ex-spendthrift too!

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It's a MAN'S work...

for a man's beer! A man's taste in ale—let's face it—is heartier than the little woman's. So next time you want a man's drink, try full-bodied, zestful, satisfying Labatt's India Pale Ale. I.P.A. is a man's drink [illegible] brewed with the full flavour demanded by masculine taste. John Labatt Limited

A beer for every taste

JOHN LABATT LIMITED

onto one an' I too bad if the one guy is big enough. But three is dangerous. So Rory Peter and I cut in.

The skipper picked one man up in his two hands and threw him about six feet. I give another a belt or two and he took off. The third hero seen he was outnumbered and he got out of there fast.

After the fracas was over we helped dust the boy off. He was a good looking kid, big and bound to fill out bigger. He didn't seem to be much of a fighter.

"You was taking a bit of a beating," says the skipper.

"Oh, I don't know," says the kid. "I would of clocked 'em yet." He was a cocky one.

"Where you from, bye?" Rory Peter asks.

"Around. I ship all over. Why?"

"Don't you know more'n to take on three Frenchmen at a time?"

"I didn't. They jumped me."

Well, the skipper took Colin Kell aboard the Annie M and we patched up a cut on his eye. We was all set to sail next morning and Rory Peter asked the kid if he wanted to go along.

"Why not?" says the kid. "What's to lose?"

Colin Kell shipped aboard and stood with us, though I wouldn't of objected none if he'd decided to step overboard. The only time he done any work was when the skipper was looking. But Rory Peter took quite a shine to him and I guess it was because he always wanted to have a son of his own at sea with him. But he didn't have nothing but daughters. There was six others in the crew and they wasn't too crazy about Kell. But none of us would say anything to the skipper. He wouldn't like it and I would sooner of rub noses with a shark as rile him.

Getting the cargo into the American shore wasn't always easy. The Coast Guard had a lot of patrol boats that used to try and catch us. It don't matter what kind of cargo you're carrying on the high seas. You could carry the president's laundry if you wanted. But once you get within twelve miles of the American shore the Coast Guard can fire on you if you refuse to heave to. They called their boats six-bitters on account of they was seventy-five foot long. They would scout around outside the limit until they spotted a rumrunner, then they would stick close to it. If the rumrunner tried to go inside the limit they would open up. Or if it made contact with the speedboats and transferred the rum or whisky, why they would sit back and jump on the speedboats.

I seen a patrol boat stay so close to the Annie M you could pour a drink from one side to the other. We had them almost that close at times and got away. We used to douse the lights, wait for the fog to roll in and then make a run for it. We'd make a couple of circles and lose them easy. We used to kid some with the sailors but their officers was in dead earnest.

They was other times we didn't mind to get away. Every now and then when the bosses wanted to get a big load in close to shore they would send out a couple of well-known vessels to attract the patrol boats. They would go farther down the coast, dragging the six-bitters with them. Then the other vessels would go right in. Rory Peter used to get a big kick out of it.

I remember once in 1930 we nearly got ourselves in trouble. We were outside the limits off Long Island and a patrol boat was cruising beside us. We was only a decoy that time and the skipper was sleeping below. Colin Kell got ahold of a crock of rum and he come out on deck with a rifle. He was all for taking a shot at the Coast Guard skipper but I grabbed the gun from him and got him below. I give him a whack he didn't forget. Rory Peter never did find out about that, though I should of told him.

A lot of people in the States was laughing at the Coast Guard because they couldn't stop rumrunning. But it wasn't their fault really. We had more boats and they were generally faster. Anyways, you can't quench a thirst with a law. But that didn't make them feel any better. The newspapers made quite a thing of the Annie M and Captain Chisholm. There was big write-ups in all the papers and one even had a cartoon making him look like a Robin Hood with sails.

That was after we got away down off the Florida Keys. We was out from Salt Island with eighteen hundred cases of rum when a cutter fastened onto us. She stood with us all day. Then it got dark. The cutter would drop astern of us for a while, then rush up every now and then and spray us with the searchlight.

The first time we tried to get away they caught us. When the cutter dropped astern Rory Peter ordered all lights doused. He started up the engines and sailed leeward. But the cutter picked us up five minutes later.

About four a.m. next morning Rory Peter tried again. He doused all but the stern light. Then we got a lantern and fixed it onto a buoy. We put the buoy overboard on a pole. Then we lifted a cover off the lantern same time as we doused our own stern light. Rory Peter ordered all canvas down. Instead of altering course we steamed full speed ahead into the wind.

When the cutter come up and flashed her light, they seen what we'd done. They went to the leeward, thinking we'd done that again. We just kept going straight and they never seen us again.

That made the Coast Guard something fierce. They kept after us everywhere we went and I heard a couple of places that there was a good reward offered to anyone who could help them catch Rory Peter and the Annie M. You wouldn't figure no one would turn in a man like Rory Peter. I remember Colin Kell saying once the money would rot before anyone would pick it up.

The skipper knew all about the rewards but it wasn't that so much that made him worry. A couple of years before the I'm Alone was sunk by a Coast Guard patrol while she was two hundred miles off shore, right on the high seas. Rory Peter figured the Coast Guard was going to shoot first and take measurements later.

As for me, well, I'd met a little girl here in Halifax and it wasn't no secret we was going to get married. Only she didn't like me being in the rumrunning business. She said it was too dangerous.

In 1931 Rory Peter and I decided it was time to quit and settle down. They was a good farm he got ahold of near Waskabuck, Cape Breton, and we

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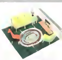
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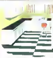

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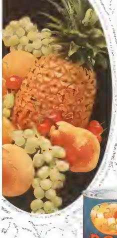

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planned to go partners on it and leave the ocean to get along by itself.

I REMEMBER it was about the end of February we got in from our last trip. We was tied up at the foot of Sackville Street. There was an RCMP boat right next to us but that didn't matter none. We was bone dry.

The rest of the crew went ashore right away but I stayed aboard to get my gear together. I come up on deck after a while and I seen Rory Peter sitting all by himself looking at a book. I knew right off it was the Annie M's log.

"I'm going up town, skipper," I says. "Can I get you anything?"

"No thanks, Hughie." He was silent for a minute, then he looked away from the log. "Just remembering," he says with a bit of a laugh. "Lot of old times in here."

"Sure is."

"Good times too, mostly."

"Sure was."

He turned over a couple of pages. "Lordy me," he says, "look at this ... the time in Twenty-two we raced Willie Black-Gibbon in from the Banks. Will you ever forget that?"

"[illegible] that one. You should of took it."

"Took what?"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible], Hughie, we wasn't that hard up. Now look at this here ... the time Father Laughie McNeil blessed the fleet at Lunenburg in Twenty-three."

"Aye, the Lord was on our side but the fish wasn't."

"Well, the Lord did the same thing all over again. Even the running rum paid you. Helped us buy our farm, didn't it?"

We walked around the deck together. Neither of us spoke for a while.

"Skipper," I says, "what happens to the Annie M when we get back to the Bay?"

"I always planned that if anything happened to me you would have her, Hughie," he says. "But now you and me's both staying ashore I thought I'd let young Colin sail 'er a while."

Well, I got to admit Colin Kell knew the sea pretty fair. He was at the wheel a couple of times we run into trouble and he done good for a young feller. But I couldn't say nothing to Rory Peter just because I didn't like him.

"Look, skipper," I says.

"Yes, Hughie."

"Do you think maybe ... oh, forget it."

"Forget what? What's on your mind?"

"Skipper," I says finally, "it might be good to make one more trip. Just one and then call it quits. We could use the money."

Rory Peter's face brightened right up.

"Hughie, boy," he says, "I was hoping you'd say that. I didn't like to ask you, knowing how you want to get settled. You and me'll have our last run together and then, by thunder, we'll become the best farmers in all the Island of Cape Breton."

Well, Rory Peter phoned his wife in Glace Bay and told her he was making his last trip and then coming home. Next day we cleared for St. Pierre. It was a foggy miserable night when we arrived, which ain't exactly strange for that place.

We was taking on a couple of thousand cases of whisky and brandy right away. There was a gang of longshoremen waiting for us and we got her loaded down in jig time. Just before we was to leave next morning, Henry Hello come aboard. His real name was Henri [illegible] but they called him Henry Hello ever since that was all the English he knew. He worked for the rumrunners too.

"Peter, you old dog," he says to the skipper, "they ain't caught you yet, eh? The devil must sure take care of his own."

"Aye, Henry," says Rory Peter, "else you would of been gone years ago."

"Never mind about me. Take care of your own self. I hear they want you bad."

"It'll take more'n what they got to get me now," says the skipper.

"What d'ye mean?"

"You'll hear about it later, Henry. You'll hear all about it."

Well, anyways, Henry Hello give Rory Peter the left halfs of about fifteen American dollar bills. The idea was that the person that could give him the serial number of a certain one of the bills and could match the half of it would get the cases of whisky we was carrying. It was a good system for delivering. You couldn't beat it.

Henry Hello went ashore, and it wasn't ten minutes later we cleared from St. Pierre. We run into bad weather right off Diamant Point and it was rough going. But the Annie M could take most anything.

We swung over towards the Nova Scotia coast and followed her down, staying about thirty mile out. They didn't seem to be any that far up the coast. The way we could generally tell when they was around was by radio. Most of the rumrunners had two-way radios and they was a lot of stations hid all down the Atlantic coast to give them orders. We had our own codes that we changed every few weeks and the Coast Guard had theirs. They used to try and steal our code and we done the same. Once the federal police walked in on a station down near Newark, New Jersey. They found the code and run the station all day sending out messages. They trapped a couple of vessels that way. We was in the vicinity that time but we wasn't carrying nothing. When the station called our code number and told us to head in near Little Egg Inlet, Rory Peter knew there was something fishy. We stood outside the twelve-mile limit. That night they shot the bow off of the [illegible] eight miles off Little Egg Inlet.

There was a good stiff wind blowing so we run up our jumbo and jib and she caught us. Give the Annie M a proper blow and she was the sweetest thing afloat. Rory Peter always did like sailing better'n the motors. Whenever we run into dirty weather he always took the wheel. His big hands could crush most anything but on a wheel they was smooth and gentle.

We passed Cape Sable and was in the Gulf of Maine. It got fearful cold with a big sea running and the spray lashed at us. Ice hung all over the Annie M and our oilskins crackled every time we moved. Why, they was even ice hanging from Rory Peter's beard. I wasn't enjoying the last run too much but I looked over at him once. They was a smile on his lips.

He told me we was to rendezvous some place off Boston. He never told the rest of the crew where we was going and most of the time they didn't even know where they'd been to. There's no point in taking chances. I never asked the skipper but he generally told me.

When we come off Boston it was nightfall, which was the way Rory Peter figured it. They ain't any point setting out in the daylight waiting for the Coast Guard to come along and join the party. There didn't seem to be any around.

Rory Peter and I went below to the main cabin. Colin Kell was at the radio that trip. There was a couple of the crew could run the radio and make contact with the shore stations but when it come to getting directions only the skipper knew the code names.

Colin Kell looked up when we come in.

"Ready, Colin?" the skipper asked. He nodded. Rory Peter took out one of the bills he got in St. Pierre. The first four figures of the serial number was our call letters for that trip. It was another neat trick. Rory Peter give the call letters to Colin Kell and he started asking ashore. We waited a while. They wasn't no sound but the wind above whistling through the rigging. Colin Kell gave the call again. Then the answer come.

"Queen Mary to Jay three-seven six. Queen Mary to Jay three-seven six."

Peter listened closely to the noises coming from the box. There was a pause, then the voice said, "Sing Sing. Repeat. Sing Sing. Queen Mary out."

When he heard the words "Sing Sing," I seen Rory Peter nod and he muttered, "Great Misery."

Then him and I went up on deck again leaving Colin Kell down below.

As soon as we was out of earshot I asked him, "Do we have to go inside the limit?"

"Aye, Hughie," he says. "Three miles off Great Misery. Great Misery is an island, pretty close to Gloucester, Mass."

"Ain't that asking for trouble?" I says.

"They's a couple of decoys moving around off Gloucester. The Rebel and the Nancy Jane. They should keep the patrols off us."

It ain't none of my business

P.F.
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skipper, but it's there you mentioned Great Misery. Don't you think?"

"That it's a queer place for our last trip! Well now Hughie, maybe you're right at that."

That ain't what I meant but I let it go because Rory Peter turned away and went aft to the wheel.

WE DOUSED our lights and moved in real slow. The night was as dark as the devil's thoughts and there was a bit of sleet blowing. You could hardly see your hand in front of your face. Rory Peter stood at the wheel peering into the darkness. Then I seen Colin Kell come up on deck. He come and stood on the starboard side near me. All of us were looking for a light.

Then we heard the sound of a motor real faint. It's strange when you're at sea with nothing around you but the pitch dark how you can't tell where a sound is coming from. I went forward but I still couldn't see nothing.

It all happened suddenly. The sound of the motor stopped. Everything was quiet and dark. Then a bright light cut through the black and the Annie M was lit up like it was noon. The light was coming from astern of us. We all seemed to freeze in it. Then came a voice: "Heave to or we fire!"

I looked around. It was a Coast Guard cutter not two hundred yards astern. I could only make out the shadow of her but there was no mistaking. There was another come up right beside her.

Rory Peter swung around from the wheel. He stared for a second like he didn't believe it. Then he shouted in a voice that seemed to fill the whole Atlantic.

"Ye skulking scoundrels!" he roared. "We'll ride to the bottom before the Annie M heaves to!"

I guess that was what they was waiting for. Before the skipper could swing the wheel around or call for power the cutter let fly. The shot tore through our upper works.

Right off I ran for the radio to warn the others. Another shot hit us. The Annie M seemed to shudder and I pitched down the companionway. I got up and ran into the main cabin. The radio was on a table. I reached down to flick it on when I noticed something. I know radio pretty good and I seen from the tuning dials and the chart that our radio was tuned in on the Coast Guard wave length. More than that. It was still on.

Another shot hit us at the waterline and I heard shouting up on deck. Just like that it come to me. Someone must of got in touch with the Coast Guard and left our radio on to guide the cutters.

I ain't quite sure what happened next—it all of it happened so fast. I turned around—feeling rotten in my stomach. He was standing in the doorway just a few feet away.

It was only a split second before I went after him but in that time I seen such a look of fear on Colin Kell's face. He seemed froze there. I had my gutting knife out quick. I slashed at him and then he was gone. He scrambled up the companionway. I was right after him but the vessel shuddered again and I fell. I didn't see what happened right then. Jamie Ross the chief engineer who was aft with Rory Peter and the rest of the crew told me.

Everyone had been standing aft while the cutters fired at our waterline at forward deck. They wasn't trying to hit no one, just shoot the boat out from under us. When Colin Kell run up on deck Rory Peter seen him and the blood on his shirt.

He yelled, "Come aft you young fool!"

The skipper ran forward. Colin Kell seen him coming and started backing up. That was when I come through the companionway. All this just took seconds mind you. When he seen me with the knife he stopped dead. The skipper wasn't more'n five feet away but I remember I screamed at him: "We been sold Peter. It was the radio."

Rory Peter went white. He looked from me to Kell. "Bye, what are ye say ...?" Then he seen it, that look on Colin Kell's face that I figure Judas must of looked that way. He didn't say nothing. He didn't have to.

Rory Peter took one step before he was hit. A shot from one of the cutters splintered the deck and he stopped up short. He straightened up and then fell over slow looking straight at Colin Kell all the time. But Kell was going over the side.

I bent over Peter and I seen he was about done. His big chest was open and bloody. We was going down fast and the rest of the crew was jumping overboard. Me and Jamie Ross managed to get Rory Peter into a jolly boat.

I propped him up against me in the stern and Jamie pulled on the oars to get us away from the Annie M. The skipper was still breathing, but it was heavy like he was tired. He opened his eyes and I seen they was wet. I guess it must of been from the pain.

He was trying to move his lips so I put my head down close to him.

"One more run," he says.

"Aye Peter. One for the money, Hughie."

"Skipper?"

"Leave him be ... We ... we ain't no better."

"But Peter ..." That was the last I said to him. He turned his head just as the stern of the Annie M come up. She seemed to stand there for a minute and then slide under. That was the last thing Rory Peter seen.

A FEW minutes later we was picked up by one of the cutters. Two of the hands, Bud Mombourquette and Alec Gillis, was already aboard when we was hauled in. Colin Kell and the rest was picked up by the other vessel.

We was taken to Gloucester. When the word got around that Rory Peter was being brought in a lot of folks come down to the waterfront to see him. In the old days he spent a lot of time in Gloucester. The Coast Guard didn't seem too happy neither. They didn't want to kill no one. They give me permission to phone Mrs. Chisholm in Glace Bay and I fixed it up to send the skipper home. I never seen Colin Kell again. I hope I never do.

He didn't get all he bargained for. When they picked us up that night one of the sailors fished a jacket out of the water with a gaff. It was Colin Kell's but I made like it was mine. Later in the inside pocket, the one right over the heart, I found what you might call the price of a soul. I guess their system of delivery was the same as ours. What I found was the left halfs of some Canadian fifties. Thirty of them. ★

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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Prince Henry, Prince George and Princess Mary, but they were too young to be of much account.

When the war was over I returned to Canada and was among those who stood on the balcony of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and watched the launch come across the bay with the Prince of Wales standing in the prow. As the launch slowed down he waved to the people on the club lawns, a shy diffident wave of his hand that was strangely moving. So many of our young men had not returned. In his slim sensitive youth Edward seemed to be speaking for the silent battalions of the dead.

January 1920. From the decks of the liner Metagama I watched the coastline of Canada fade from view. Fifteen years ahead I was to come back but only as a visitor. War, that arbiter of human fate, had altered my life. No longer would I gaze respectfully at the big house of Dr. Moorhouse at the end of the street. London was to be my home.

As far as the family at Buckingham Palace was concerned, the daughter Mary had married but she lived mostly in Yorkshire and we saw little of her. The Prince of Wales seemed determined to remain a bachelor, but one day it was announced that his brother Albert, breaking with tradition, was going to marry a Scottish girl who had some royal blood in her veins but was not actually a Royal Person.

They were married in a church, of course. In fact they were married in Westminster Abbey and it was quite an affair. The black-haired Scottish kinsmen of the bride in their national costume stood fiercely proud at one side of the chancel. Supporting the groom was the Prince of Wales as best man, and he very nearly stole the picture.

The neighbors turned out in force and a lot of people who weren't neighbors at all stood outside. Prime Minister Bonar Law looked terribly drawn and weary, for indeed death was already beckoning to him. Margot Asquith cut Lloyd George as they met by accident in the doorway. There were all sorts of generals and admirals with clusters of medals gathered in some jolly old campaigns in all sorts of places.

But on the whole it was not a great occasion. The brother of a future king seldom inflames the imagination any more than a sister of a king. Wherever he went, whatever the role, the star was Edward the Prince of Hearts.

But princes and commoners have two experiences that they share. They come into the world and they leave the world when their story is ended. One day the newspapers told us that the King was seriously ill and then, one night, we heard the sad repeated words of the BBC announcer: "The King's life is drawing peacefully to a close."

Almost with a sense of guilt we realized that there was passing from the Big House and from our lives a man and a king who had devoted his whole life to the service of his people. It would seem strange not to see him and his wife driving in their coach on state occasions. A nation is not unlike a family and our voices were hushed as if our own father was lying dead.

Naturally the second son, Albert, and his Scottish wife came to the Big House leaving their two tiny daughters at home. So did the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester with their pretty wives. Princess Mary joined them from Yorkshire. The head of the family was dead and the blinds were drawn.

The nation wept for this good man. With my fellow militiamen I had marched past him at Quebec. Now as a member of parliament I was to stand with the peers and commoners in Westminster Hall to receive the dead body. The hoarse commands of the escorting officers rang out in the misty drizzling air outside. Silently they carried his coffin into Westminster Hall.

Behind the coffin came the lonely figure of Edward VIII. He walked alone because of all the children he had not taken unto himself a mate. There were many of us who looked at that lonely wistful figure and wondered what the fates held for him.

That night, unknown to the thousands of people passing the coffin outside, the four sons in uniform mounted guard. Motionless they stood with their hands resting on their swords, their helmeted heads bowed low.

The King is dead ... another King is proclaimed but never to be crowned ... There is deep, deep trouble in the Big House. Things have gone wrong ... Abdication ... Coronation ...

There was no question about it. Princess Margaret was behaving pretty badly in the Abbey. It is true that her little legs could not touch the floor but there was no excuse for her swinging them at the very moment that her father and mother were being crowned. Quite rightly Elizabeth told her to keep her legs still. Margaret looked as demure as a little angel but then the legs started swinging again. For a well-brought-up child she ought to have known better but like her uncle she liked doing things her own way.

After the Coronation the King and Queen visited Canada. Then there was war again. One day the Queen came to [illegible] house to meet a few members of the Commons. She said to me: "Our trip across Canada was like a second Coronation," and her eyes were moist. The Abdication had darkened the people's hearts in Britain. Canada had taken them in its arms.

The war ... the war ... the war ... The family in the Big House would not leave London even though the bombers came every night. But they were Londoners.

Princess Elizabeth was a WAAF or something in uniform. Margaret was too young to be anything. But we didn't pay much attention because there were a lot of things happening. Our town was being badly smashed up. One Saturday night a bomb destroyed the House of Commons. That was a bad night. More than three thousand people were killed.

Peace ... at last came the end of the war. Quite frankly it looked as if Princess Elizabeth was not going to be a very attractive young woman. Her face lacked animation and she did not wear her clothes particularly well. Actually she was a bit gawky, which is another way of saying that she was shy.

The family went away to South Africa for a holiday, or as much of a holiday as royalty can ever get. We heard Elizabeth on the radio dedicating herself to the service of her people. She sounded almost like a little girl.

A few weeks later after they had returned there was a garden party in the grounds of the Big House and as a neighbor I went along to see the fun. There were all sorts and sizes of people drinking tea and stuffing themselves with cakes. I saw the King walking toward us with a slim, smart, lovely young woman beside him. Wherever she was she was absolutely sure of herself and she wore her frock as if it was designed for her and for her alone.

It was Elizabeth. She had gone to South Africa a girl. She had come back a young woman. Truly the female of the species is a wonderful and unexplainable affair. The female grows up by moments not by years.

* * *

"Philip, do you take this woman Elizabeth to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold ..."

"I do."

It was just the same service as when you and the rest of us got married. When it was over we cheered our heads off. They really were a charming looking pair and the whole neighborhood was delighted that they had had such a lovely wedding.

A year later the crowds waited outside the Big House, waited and waited. And then came the news: "It's a boy!" Right across London and across the world went that jubilant cry. Little girls are so much nicer but the desire in king and commoner is to have a boy first.

Not very long ago the Queen came to the House of Lords to open her first parliament. As the lights went up on the brilliant colorful scene she entered slowly with her husband guiding her with his hand held high. Because she was not yet crowned she had to take the Oath of Service to her people and then she read the Speech from the Throne.

She looked radiantly lovely and, to our delight, her voice had acquired lower notes that filled the famous place, for all its bad acoustics, without difficulty. She even made it sound as if her government really meant business in this new session. As husband, consort and adviser the Duke of Edinburgh watched her with intense concentration. When she had finished the speech his face relaxed for the first time.

With all the pageantry, with all the color and pomp and circumstance, there was one incident that stood out for its simple elemental humanity. It was at the end when the Queen, on her husband's arm, walked slowly down the steps, and as they wheeled she came opposite Princess Margaret. They were five yards apart and their eyes met.

Margaret's face broke into a swift smile. It meant only one thing and meant it clearly: "Sister, you were good!"

The Sovereign and the Princess were for that split second two sisters and nothing more. We had youth and courage and happiness. It may well be that this girl Queen of ours will bring reality to those words: Happy and Glorious.

* * *

In fact the family in the Big House are doing well. They are popular with the neighbors and we hope that they will be among us for many, many years.

And you must not mind if we are all getting a bit excited about the Coronation this year. Of this much I am certain: Margaret will be much better behaved than she was last time. ★

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The Government Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

capital on a Saturday. A friend met her at Uplands Airport and drove her into the Terrace via the Driveway, an elaborate park system that winds through the heart of the city beside the Rideau River and Canal. Glee was impressed by the beautiful parks.

Laurentian Terrace is a trim two-story building beside the War Archives on Sussex Street. It was built, Glee was told, during the war, the government's answer to the problem of housing the low-paid single girls who came pouring into Ottawa. Its community dining and living room, single and double bedrooms can accommodate three hundred girls.

Glee was welcomed by Winnifred Meyh, a dietitian who superintends the Terrace. "We think of it more as a hotel than a home," says Miss Meyh. "If the girls have a problem we're happy to discuss it, but we don't try to regulate their lives or morals."

Room and meals, she told Glee, would be $47.50 a month. Her roommate would be Viola Wagner, who had gone home for the week end. Vi was a Grade 3 steno.

Glee toured the Parliament Buildings and saw Ottawa's sights, but the week end was the loneliest she ever spent. Monday morning she went uptown to the Civil Service Commission. On Sparks Street she was carried along in a tide of femininity, thousands of girls hurrying to hundreds of government offices. Glee felt a little overwhelmed by the bigness of the machine, a feeling she has never entirely lost.

At the commission she was received by Betty Southgate, an attractive blond assignment officer with a brisk but sympathetic manner. "You'll be working in Indian Affairs," she told Glee. "That's a branch of the Citizenship and Immigration Department. Ask for Mr. Pratt. He's their executive assistant in charge of personnel."

Ford Pratt, a friendly man with wavy graying hair, questioned Glee about her previous jobs and her plane trip down, marking the vigor, common sense and humor of her answers. Then he sent her to Colonel Hubert M. Jones in the Indian Affairs welfare division.

Jones, who sat beneath a portrait of a Saskatchewan Indian chief, noted Glee's poise with sharp but kindly eyes and told about his division. "We help the Indian to help himself," he said. "If we think he's honest and reasonably capable, we loan him money for land, livestock, a sawmill or fishing boat. We're also trying to clean up slum conditions. Where an Indian has no resources of his own, we build him a house. This means a lot of correspondence between our field men and Mr. Roberts, whom you'll be working with."

Charles Roberts, the chief clerk, assigned Glee to a desk among eight other girls. He was a short, stocky, hard-working, mild-mannered man in his mid-thirties. "We have to get the facts on every loan," he told Glee. "Sometimes we have to refer to our legal advisers or the minister's office. Ninety percent of your work for me will be shorthand, typing and filing. But we also have to know at any time where we stand financially. So every time we loan or take in money you'll automatically enter it in the ledgers."

That night Glee met her roommate, Vi Wagner, a bouncing brown-haired buxom girl five years younger than Glee. They liked each other instantly although they proved to be opposites. Vi likes to lounge around; Glee finds it hard to sit still. Vi would leave her clothes helter-skelter around their tiny room. Glee is meticulously tidy.

Glee enjoyed that winter. She went skating regularly at a park not far from the Terrace. She saw a lot of shows, a few concerts and hockey matches. Vi was popular with the boys and Glee had more than her quota of blind dates. The Terrace has none of a hotel's cool impersonality. The girls are drawn together by their common situation and the chummy atmosphere is more akin to a CWAC barracks.

Inevitably it is a target for men. They call up almost every night for dates. "Even the hotels give them our number," complains Winnifred Meyh. "It's extremely annoying and we certainly don't encourage it."

Often a pair of girls will agree over the phone to meet two men in the lobby. The girls hold all the aces. They peer from the stairway into the lobby and if they don't like the looks of their blind dates they simply don't show up.

At the Indian Affairs branch, Glee's bosses were pleased with her work. When they asked her to run upstairs and get a file she didn't, like some, go grudgingly, grumbling that she wasn't a messenger. She was smiling, willing, seldom late.

She regretted that she didn't meet more people, but few government girls meet the public. Thousands spend their days laboring obscurely behind a wall of green filing cabinets. The government's huge volume of tabulating, typing and filing is a perfect breeding ground for boredom.

"Our policy," the Civil Service Commission states in a booklet given Glee when she joined, "is to place you in the job for which you will be most suited, in which you will be most satisfied." That is fine in theory.

There are two thousand class titles in Canada's civil service and a girl can be reclassified for another type of work, thus broadening her scope. But if she is doing a good job, persuading her boss to help her get a transfer is roughly equivalent to Fred Astaire persuading MGM to let him play cowboy roles.

There is nothing to stop Glee shopping around among the crown companies. Their employees are not controlled by the commission, though wherever possible they follow the commission's lead in pay, benefits and working conditions. But within the civil service proper, the commission must investigate all transfers.

It's the inefficient girls who are transferred as a rule. "When I worked in industry," Glee says, "a girl who didn't know her shorthand would be told 'Go back to school!' Here they say 'We'll put her in so and so office—he doesn't give much shorthand.'"

In June 1951 Glee's brother Fred drove her Hillman to Ottawa for her. The little English car, which Glee says "is all mine and not half the finance company's," gave her the choice of a dozen beaches at quitting time, all within half an hour's drive. Even without a car there are plenty of not-too-crowded places near Ottawa to cool off after a stifling day in the office.

Glee's favorite working garb is a tailored suit. She says she doesn't dress economically but doesn't, like some girls, spend a third of her salary on clothes. She pays cash for most purchases, only has one charge account.

Credit comes so easy for girls in the government that lots of the younger ones are up to their ears in debt before they know it. Stores besiege them with tempting low-payment plans.

By the fall of 1951 Glee had outgrown her need for Laurentian Terrace. She and Vi began to look for an

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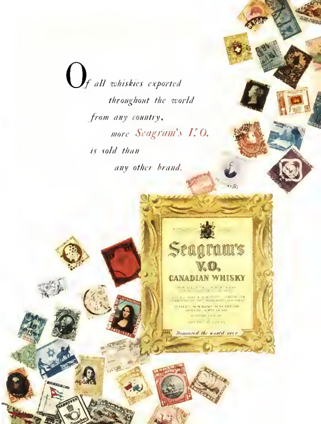

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apartment. Colonel Jones' secretary told them about a friend, Louise Ovington, who was looking for someone to share a furnished third-floor flat just fifteen minutes' walk from Indian Affairs.

Louise, a slight brown-haired insurance-company steno, was older and, compared to the government girls, a little prim and precise, but there was little friction. "They say three girls don't get along," says Glee, "but we do." Vi picked up a part-time singing job with a night-club band in Hull and sometimes shirked her share of the work. But she made it up by bouncing about the apartment singing comic songs till the others would collapse into helpless laughter.

The man shortage was seldom reflected in the flat. Louise's long-time steady and other visiting boy friends would stand outside whistling up at the two small living-room windows—the bell doesn't carry to the third floor—till somebody let them in.

Housekeeping soon settled into a pattern. Breakfast was laid out the night before. At lunchtime (an hour and a half) the first one home would take the salad out of the refrigerator or put the soup on the range.

Glee's office day ended at five. After dinner, her one hot meal of the day, if she didn't have a date Glee would houseclean, wash or iron. Week ends she tried to get out in the country. She has always found it hard to sit still with a book.

Every payday (twice monthly) the girls would chip in fourteen dollars each for food. At month's end they each pay $28.35 for rent, including lights and telephone. "This budget," Glee admits, "doesn't run to pastry, but as you see"—glancing down at her well-developed figure—"we don't skimp."

Many do. Thousands of girls sign in for work without breakfast, then dash out for a Coke or coffee. In the National Health and Welfare canteen one morning recently the vending machine rang up eighty sales of Coca-Cola in the ten minutes just after nine o'clock. Lunch for thousands is a sandwich, Coke and cigarette snatched in the noon-hour scramble for restaurant seats. Some girls carry their lunch and munch it over a game of bridge in the office. In summer many lunch on the lawns of Parliament Hill or along the banks of the Rideau. The Civil Service Recreation Association has helped lower the noon-hour pressure by opening three cafeterias where a girl can get a subsidized meal for fifty-five cents.

The association, called RA by everyone in Ottawa, is perhaps the largest club of its kind in the world. It provides its ten thousand members, organized in branch associations, with most games and sports. After Glee emerged as one of Indian Affairs' best bowlers her RA branch association elected her secretary.

Among her bowling opponents was Ben Shapiro, a young Ottawa-born architect who worked two floors above her, designing the houses that Glee's division loans the Indians money to build. One night she offered him a lift home in her Hillman. A week later he telephoned and said he had two seats for a concert. Soon Ben, an ex-army lieutenant, was calling on her four times a week.

In January 1952 RA asked each department to nominate its candidate for Miss Civil Service in an annual contest. Glee was chosen Miss Indian Affairs. The role didn't come easy. On the gala night as the judges watched the parade of contestants, Glee's smile suddenly froze, and she went by "dead pan."

At the end of Glee's first year in the government the pattern of her Ottawa life was established. With little alteration it would fit thousands of girls in the capital. Like Glee, most of them are neither happy nor unhappy in their work. But every month, close to a thousand leave the government.

By last fall Glee had reached a typical crossroads. She was asking herself, "Where do I go from here?" She had had two raises, one an automatic annual sixty-dollar increase, the other a general cost-of-living boost. But she was still a Grade 2A. Her attitude to her work was still good, but she wondered if she couldn't do better elsewhere.

As this is written Glee is applying for a Grade 3 position in government-owned Trans-Canada Air Lines' Ottawa office. She is also scanning industry's want ads.

Industry has the edge in pay, but most government stenos feel it's worth something to know you won't suddenly find yourself walking the street just because the boss doesn't like your face. Once a girl is a permanent civil servant it takes an order-in-council to blast her out. Glee agrees that security is more important than pay, within reasonable limits.

Pension plans in most large companies now compare with the civil servant's superannuation. Health benefits are about even. The government is generous with vacations and sick leave, but the civil service hasn't yet gained a five-day week. The live

NEXT ISSUE

In the sixth of his
picture essays for Maclean's

YOUSUF KARSH
presents an
interpretative profile of

REGINA

In the City that Sprang from the Plains the famous photographer captures the spirit of a people who built a dynamo in a desert of grass

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● *(Top) Spanning the rapids-ridden Moisie River with a 680 foot steel bridge is just one of the many accomplishments of CMMK — the group of contractors on this tremendous undertaking. Map shows route of railroad — 360 miles from Seven Islands to Burnt Creek.*

● *(Left) "Iron Ore by '54" is the job motto! Fleets of Allis-Chalmers HD-20's — world's largest tractors — help to keep the work on schedule.*

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day week is one of TCA's main attractions to Glee.

Jones, her boss, says: "We would hate to lose Glee. Her personality and energy make her useful to our group as a whole." If Glee waits long enough she is certain of her Grade 3. In five or ten years she might even get a Grade 4 or—that goal of every government steno—secretary to an executive with a sixty-four-dollar-a-week top.

But that's the end of the road ahead. Few girls scale the wall that looms, intangible but real, between the clerical staff and the officer class. Less than two percent of all the women in the service are on the privileged side of the wall. Even if Glee got over the barrier she would be handicapped by her sex. When a civil service girl gets a title her cheque is generally dealt from the bottom pay bracket for her category, where a man would draw his off the top.

The commission makes no apology for this. Its assignment is to hire the best possible at the least cost to the taxpayer. In doing so it must stay within the official moral code, which says that a woman should never deprive a man of a job, especially if he has a family, most especially if he is a veteran.

Glee was given permanent status last August. Under the civil service code she would lose her permanency if she married. Until recently, when clerical help grew scarce, she would automatically have lost her job. If Glee decided not to marry and to remain with the civil service she would in her middle age be reasonably well-off, well traveled, busy and useful, as set in her ways as a man her age, but no less well adjusted. Only when considered as a group does the spectre of the spinster stalk the federal corridors.

It's doubtful if Glee wants such a career. Few girls do. Says one: "Scratch the surface of most government girls and you'll find they're home material."

What are their home-making chances? Much better than popular opinion would have it. The Ottawa census figures released last fall show 51,919 unmarried females to 46,235 unmarried males—about eight single women to seven single men.

There aren't any figures to show what happens to the 5,684 leftover females. But they won't necessarily become old maids. Half the girls who quit the government leave to get married. A majority of these new bridegrooms are caught in the girls' home towns or during a furlough in Banff or Bermuda.

Glee is most assuredly home material. She says there is nothing serious between her and Ben Shapiro. "But," she adds, "I'm hoping to get married sometime."

Today she is in the same position she left Calgary to get away from—a boy friend she isn't planning to marry, a job that is becoming routine. But she doesn't regret for one moment coming to Ottawa. "I guess I am in a rut," she says, "maybe everyone's in a rut. But I'm in a rut with a lot more room than the one I was in at home."

Since this article was written Glee Jesse has pursued the path of many of the brightest and most efficient government girls. She has resigned from the civil service and is now a Grade 3 steno working a five-day week in the Ottawa traffic office of TCA—still a government girl but outside the civil service. ★

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1½ cups blanched or seltana raisins, washed and dried
½ cup finely-cut candied citron
½ cup broken walnuts or pecans
Scald
2 cups milk
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a small bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved
Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well
Sift together three times:
3 cups once-sifted bread flour
1 tablespoon salt
4 teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon ground mace
Cream in a large bowl
½ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup lightly-packed brown sugar
Gradually beat in
1 well-beaten egg
Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.
Work in
6⅔ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. Chop Suey Loaf
Knead 1 cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with [illegible] butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns
Cream together ⅓ cup butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 cup [illegible] [illegible] brown sugar. Spread [illegible] a quarter of [illegible] mixture in a greased 8-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with [illegible] pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece cut side up in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand [illegible] 5 minutes before turning out.

3. Frosted Fruit Buns
Cut [illegible] into 18 [illegible]. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball. Place [illegible] in a greased [illegible]. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about [illegible] minutes. Immediately after baking, spread buns with a frosting made by combining 1 cup once-sifted icing sugar, 4 teaspoons milk and a few drops almond extract.

Queen of the Sob Sisters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Thady, a husky young man who rowed for the Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto, went to Winnipeg to work in a bank. There he caught tuberculosis and died at twenty-nine. Patsy married John Garlshan, a prosperous gentleman farmer. Now widowed and a grandmother, she lives on a beautiful sprawling farm in Ancaster, a village near Hamilton.

Kit's first marriage had been arranged for her. Her second had been almost as brief and completely unhappy. A third was shaping up in 1898 when she was thirty-four. A young doctor, Theobald Coleman, was paying her court, but his wooing was interrupted by the Spanish-American War. Over her suitor's objections Kit persuaded the Mail and Empire to let her cover it. Until then no woman had ever been accredited as a war correspondent; this meant nothing to her.

She bustled into Washington and confronted General Russell Alger, the Secretary of War. He laughed at the suggestion. Undaunted, Kit pestered him. A few days later he relented and wrote out credentials for her on a telegraph form.

When word got back to Canada that Mrs. Watkins had been accredited the [illegible] Star told its readers: "She is the only lady out of one hundred and thirty-five correspondents who will write up the war. But we would have Kit's description in preference to the other one hundred and thirty-four combined."

Her presence in the camp of the U.S. Army at Tampa and more particularly among the male reporters caused at least one correspondent to file a story on "the intrepid lady correspondent from Toronto." On her own behalf Kit wrote to the Mail and Empire her view of the male correspondents. "No man tells the other that there will be a cavalry drill at six the next morning or that the infantry are going swimming at sundown," she twitted. "These stirring events are locked within each press bosom and every man thinks he's got the scoop."

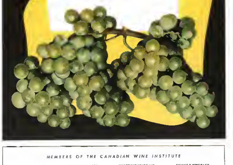
In one of her first stories she wrote:

> There is very little news going, but I am not here to detail the serious events of the war (which have not yet commenced), rather I am here to write that light and airy matter which is ignominiously termed by the trade guff, but which is not always easy to manufacture.

Accordingly she dug up a story of six desperadoes from Kissimmee Valley who had enlisted because they heard the Spaniards couldn't shoot straight, whereas the sheriff's posse hauling them in for rustling were all dead shots. There was also the unlikely account of a recruit from New York who on his first day in camp was bitten by mosquitoes, stung by a tarantula, had a touch of malaria, ran his bayonet into his hand, sat down on an anthill, trod on an alligator, found a snake in his boot and then told her he felt like a thirty-deuce in a new deck. "Dis ain't en Klondike, anyhow," he is reported to have observed.

When the American troops moved into Cuba, however, Kit turned serious. She reported that green kids were being shipped over without proper training. The wounded who came back a few weeks later agreed.

Although Kit had credentials from Washington, General William Rufus Shafter, who commanded the army from Tampa, wouldn't let Kit go with the regular correspondents when they sailed for Cuba. She started the wires



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The Registrar
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buzzing to Washington, Ottawa and Toronto.

"I'm going through to Cuba," she told her readers, "and not all the old generals in the old army are going to stop me. I beat them in Washington and I'll beat them here."

While waiting for help from the north she went on to Key West and got there just as the first wounded were arriving. The other reporters were still cooped up in the press ship miles from the action.

A few weeks later she was notified that she could go to Cuba in a Red Cross ship from Key West. But the boat sailed without her, reportedly on the orders of Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, who was jealous of her prestige as one of the first women to reach the war zone. Kit then managed to wangle passage in an old government boat. She was on hand for the battle and surrender of Santiago to Shafter's army. Most of the other correspondents weren't.

Visiting the sunken Spanish fleet of Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete she wrote:

> Half a mile farther on, at Juan Gonzalez, the Almirante Oquendo lies half upon the beach like some dying monster that had tried to crawl up out of the sea and died horribly in the attempt.

The Mail and Empire played Kit's exploits to the hilt. Black headlines proclaimed: Kit Follows the Course of the Escaping Spaniard ... Kit Shows Reasons for Attack from Land Side ... Kit Writes of the City of Stricken Camps ... Kit Visits the Camp of Teddy's Terrors ... Kit Talks to the Wounded ... How Kit Mounted on a Mule of High Degree Inspected the Troops.

She came back to Florida in the transport Comal. Moaning wounded lay in rows all over the ship but there were no doctors or medicine. The food was rotten. Kit, the only woman aboard, had a cabin to herself and one night a drunken steward had DT's outside her door. All the way back Kit tended the wounded herself. She divided her own store of quinine into tiny portions and distributed it among the malaria-ridden soldiers.

Her exploits as a war correspondent had made Kit famous. Newspapers in the United States and Britain frequently carried articles and editorials on her activities. So when she arrived back in the United States, General Alger offered to sponsor her on a speaking tour of the country to tell the nation's women of the war.

She answered him hotly, "Mr. Alger, if I tell the women of the United States what I have seen, you'll have a riot on your hands."

A few months after Kit came back from the war she married the patient Dr. Coleman. It was a happy union though some years later in a burst of frankness she admitted, not unkindly, that he was "no provider."

Coleman was appointed company doctor of the Canadian Copper Company at Copper Cliff, then a bleak mining outpost in northern Ontario. He arrived with his family right in the middle of a smallpox epidemic and Kit spent weeks working as an emergency nurse.

She continued to write her weekly page there for the Mail and Empire, frequently referring to the town in unflattering terms. She described it in her column as a Canadian Siberia: for three miles around the town there wasn't a leaf or a blade of grass growing because sulphur smoke had killed all vegetation.

After three years the Colemans left for Hamilton, a move which was welcomed by the people of Hamilton and also those of Copper Cliff.

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The Toronto police department did a double take the day the Mail and Empire published Kit's story on young Josie Kerr. Josie had stolen a baby from a carriage in front of a downtown department store. She kept the child for a few days, then got frightened and drowned the infant. It was several weeks before the mystery was solved and the police caught Josie. Under close guard she was not allowed visitors.

Public interest was stimulated. What had motivated the seemingly pointless kidnaping? The police said nothing. Then Kit's story appeared. It was a long and penetrating character sketch of Josie and an analysis of her motives. The police demanded to know how Kit had reached their prisoner.

In fact, she had gone to the home of one of the jail matrons who attended Josie and announced herself as Kit of the Mail. The matron, thrilled at such a visitor, invited her in for tea. The two women talked about food, fashions and the latest shows and the matron occasionally made casual remarks about something her celebrated prisoner had said or done. Kit listened politely, filing the scraps of information away. She hurried back to the paper and pieced them together into a revealing picture. She hadn't been within a mile of the girl.

Kit's greatest scoop was an interview with Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, the fabulous fraud from Eastwood, Ont., who fleeced wealthy Americans and banks of nearly two million dollars shortly after the turn of the century. A dumpy, homely woman, her chief weapons were a pair of hypnotic eyes, an ostentatious house and several promissory notes for vast sums of money. The largest was for five millions, which bore the poorly forged signature of Andrew Carnegie. She even hinted to several of her victims that she was an illegitimate daughter of the famous multimillionaire. When she was finally sued for nonpayment of loans her fraudulent front began to fall away, revealing an incredible story. People all over the United States and Canada talked about the great hoax.

When Mrs. Chadwick was brought back to her trial in Cleveland, where she had lived so lavishly, the Mail and Empire sent Kit to get an interview. For days, while Cassie languished in the jail, Kit and a horde of other reporters hung around, eagerly buttonholing whoever came in contact with the swindler and scheming to see her themselves. Finally the sheriff allowed Kit and a dozen male reporters to troop through the apartmentlike cell where Mrs. Chadwick was kept.

When the first man appeared in the doorway Mrs. Chadwick threw herself on a couch, buried her face and screamed for them to get out. She didn't see the lone woman with the men. As the men were walking away Kit dropped her gloves on a table. A few minutes later she slipped back to retrieve them. The weeping Mrs. Chadwick was sitting up now and the matron was giving her medicine.

Mrs. Chadwick looked up at Kit.

"Are you very ill?" Kit asked her sympathetically.

Mrs. Chadwick went into a spiel about the state of her health. Kit sat down beside her. Later she wrote:

> For an hour and a half yesterday I sat beside the low couch on which the cleverest, the sharpest, the boldest financier of the last century, or this, is lying. . . . I held the hand of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, the queen of finance.

That indescribable something that made people unburden themselves to Kit had paid off again. Mrs. Chadwick, unaware that Kit was a reporter, showed her the phony note for five millions. Kit wrote:

> So great is the power of given figures and a certain signature that crisp, flaunting little note — worth less than the scraps that lie in the waste basket — gives one an awed feeling, a sort of breathlessness not only at its immensity in import but at its magnificent insolence of being at all. On it was realized so much that brought splendor upon some fortunes and uttermost poverty on others. It is brimful of tragedy, that foolish bit of rustling paper, yet in some extraordinary way it teems with comedy.

Kit, the matronly editor of a proper page for ladies, covered one of the juiciest crime stories American newspapers have ever splashed across their front pages. In 1906 a notorious New York playboy, Harry Thaw, shot and killed Stanford White, the architect of Madison Square Garden. He was avenging the honor of his young wife, Evelyn Nesbit, who had been seduced by White when she was sixteen. When Thaw went on trial the following year hundreds of newspapermen were on hand to wring every last drop of sensation out of it. Also at the trial were four other women reporters who wrote tear-jerking copy about the poor young girl. A New York newsman dubbed them the "sob sisters," a name that has since become the hallmark of girl reporters everywhere.

Kit saw Evelyn Nesbit differently:

> So she went on reeling and reeling, drinking, forgetting, sparring and deeper and deeper sank the impression—a little mercenary, a Broadway girl who would rather [illegible] for a few words, [illegible] a handful of lace, a supper at Rector's, than work for a decent living and room in the cold top back room of a New York boardinghouse.

The jury disagreed at the first trial. Thaw pleaded insanity at the second and went to a mental hospital from which he was later released.

Religion popped up frequently in Kit's columns and often provoked bitter controversies. "Is it not rather shocking," she admonished, "to reflect that on no subject, not on politics, finance, public dishonesty or crime, is argument so bitter, so unseemly, so uncharitable, even un-Christlike, as it is when religion is the theme?"

Some took violent exception to her opinions and wrote vitriolic notes to her. She answered:

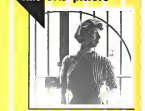
> Jane Ray — your letter was too impertinent to read further than the first page, so I sent it to the devil.

Kit once jokingly remarked that if she was a man she would never marry because women were a pretty poor lot. A hot and heavy battle of the sexes followed. One argument raged for weeks over whether men or women could keep secrets better. Kit claimed women could stay mum on big matters. "The men that kiss and tell are as numerous as the sands on the seashore, as many a wife and maid can affirm. There is only one thing to do — don't kiss."

Her advice to the lovelorn reflected an unwavering regard for the dignity of womankind. No man has any right to shower a girl employee with gifts of flowers or candy, or ask her to go out to the theatre with him and accept his attentions unless he is prepared to go to the length of asking that girl to be his wife.

On one occasion she conducted a campaign to raise funds for the destitute heroes of the Charge of the Light Brigade and on another to stop the

The difference between this BAD picture



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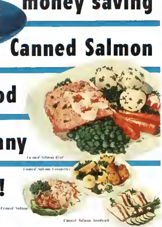

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1½ cups milk
¾ cup bread crumbs
3 eggs, separated
2 tbsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. lemon rind
Salt and pepper

CANNED SALMON LOAF—Scald milk, add crumbs and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add beaten egg yolk and cook over hot water (double boiler) for 5 minutes, still stirring. Cool slightly, stir in flaked salmon, seasonings, lemon juice and rind and finally fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into well greased dish, set this in hot water and bake for ¾ hr. in 350-375° F. Serves 4

slaughter of birds for women's hats.

She had very few close friends and always tried to keep her private life in the background. A member of the Canadian Women's Press Club—of which Kit was the first president—once had a two-hour stopover in Hamilton on her way back from Buffalo. She telephoned Kit and suggested she might call on her for a few minutes. There was a pause before Kit replied, "Oh no, my dear. That would not be right."

Although her weak eyes made her squint, Kit refused to wear glasses, saying that often it was better not to see too much. Occasionally she carried a lorgnette.

She wore dark browns and tans and other colors that set off the brilliant bronze of her hair. Her hats were small and invariably veiled. She felt naked without a veil. Her voice was low pitched and distinctly Irish.

Several famous people were among Kit's few close friends but her favorite was Sarah Bernhardt. They met when Bernhardt was in Toronto and Kit was sent to get an interview. When she stepped into the star's dressing room Bernhardt stared at her for several seconds, then steered her over to a mirror.

"See!" Bernhardt exclaimed. "We look so much alike." They did, too, except that Kit's hair was naturally red.

Because of her vast following and influence Kit was often pestered by campaigners. She refused to join the prohibition movement because she didn't think it could ever stop drunkenness.

She was a strange mixture—shyness and aggression, emotion and reserve, sympathetic and moody. She frequently acted on impulse. Once during her last days with the Mail and Empire a young woman started a correspondence column in another paper, the News. Kit wrote her a bitter note, unnaturally accusing her of stealing her ideas. The girl wrote back and said she had always been a great admirer of Kit's. The latter, now in a different mood, sent a sweet-tempered light reply and wished her luck.

Kit was never paid more than thirty-five dollars a week for her woman's page, even though she made it the paper's biggest asset. In 1911 the editors asked her to write a brief front-page column every day in addition to her weekly stint. There was no mention of any more money. She refused. A fight followed and she quit.

Then, falling back on her tremendous popularity all across the country, she wrote Canada's first syndicated column. She sold it to a dozen papers for about five dollars a throw. She didn't even offer it to the Mail and Empire.

In May 1915, while living in Hamilton, Kit caught a cold. It turned rapidly to pneumonia and within two days she was dead at the age of fifty-one. The Toronto Evening Telegram declared in headlines: Kit Has Written Her Last Copy. The Globe, later to be merged with the Mail and Empire, praised her as "the brilliant, the vocal, the tender and sympathetic woman of elusive charm whose soft Irish speech was a caress and every movement one of grace."

Dr. Coleman joined the army soon after his wife's death and went overseas. He remarried in England before the end of the First World War and died in 1925.

In 1914 the women of the Press got together and decided to offer a scholarship in memory of Kit of the Mail. She had led the way for Canadian newspaperwomen, they said. But they admitted very few, if any, had been able to keep up with her. ★

Do Civil Servants Earn Their Salaries?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

peak of one hundred and sixty-five thousand.

Aside from its cost, government rules the tune of our economy. Taxing and spending can make the difference between prosperity and depression. Policy changes can wreck one business while raising another to new peaks. As never before, the welfare of each Canadian depends on the honesty, efficiency and wisdom of the government service.

Honesty, the most essential, is also the quality most notably improved. We forget in these days of cleanliness and respectability how far we have come in the past generation.

From Confederation until after World War I the Canadian public service was treated openly and unashamedly as a trough for party workers. Hundreds of clerical and technical jobs were filled by men who couldn't read. One division chief who died only lately, after years in retirement, used to lock his office door for two or three hours each day while he practiced on the piano.

Early steps to curb that sort of thing were empty gestures. Sir John A. Macdonald set up a Civil Service Board in 1868 that was supposed to examine candidates and certify their competence. After eight years and thousands of appointments, the board had examined a total of seventy-two candidates, and had failed only one.

A reform of 1882 made the examination compulsory but it remained a farce. Anyone not an imbecile could pass, but the approved candidate still needed political pull to get a job. Promotions within the service were unheard of. Every vacancy was filled by political appointment.

Scandal and incompetence reached an intolerable peak after the turn of the century. In 1908 the present Civil Service Commission was formed, a body divorced from politics which was to recruit civil servants by *competitive* examination in which the man making the best score would get the job. The first chairman was Adam Shortt, a professor at Queen's University. He brought in a former student, Charles Bland, who is chairman of the Civil Service Commission today.

Unhappily the new regime had barely started when World War I came along. All restraints on patronage were cast aside in the name of speed and emergency. This time the scandals eclipsed all previous experience and the public was seriously annoyed. In the election of 1917, therefore, No. 2 plank in the Union Government's platform was the elimination of patronage and corruption.

Apparently the Union Government had no intention of carrying out this pledge. No sooner was it in office than two faithful party workers were rewarded with lucrative jobs. But the public outcry was so immediate and so emphatic that the cabinet took fright. Without even waiting for parliament to meet they reformed the civil service by order-in-council. They made all jobs subject to competitive examination, then went ahead with a new Civil Service Act which classified positions and standardized rates of pay.

This time it worked. There have been changes of method but the principle has been unchanged for thirty-four years. Civil servants are hired after an examination by a nonpolitical board which also protects them from arbitrary dismissal. Once they are confirmed as permanent (only about one third of government employees ever are) they can be dismissed only by order-in-council, a formal act of the cabinet. The old spoils system, whereby political hacks were hired and then fired to make way for other hacks whenever the government changed hands, is forbidden and is virtually extinct.

Casual labor is outside the examination system, which is one reason why Public Works is an exception to the modern rule. Permanent officials in Public Works are chosen as in every other department, and some of them are competent and conscientious men who are improving the situation bit by bit, but they do get discouraged. The bulk of Public Works jobs remain open to the old political pressures. By tacit consent the cabinet and the MPs are allowed to use it as a handy political dustbin.

Elsewhere, and normally, the real trouble with government operation is rooted in precisely opposite causes. We have set up so many safeguards against the spoils system, so many checks and balances against waste and graft and skulduggery, that the government is continually tripping over them.

The clearest and freshest example is one that has been cleared up within the past few weeks since the first draft of this article was written, in fact. It had to do with telephones.

Some time in the nineteen thirties it was decided that public money was being wasted on office phones. Starting under R. B. Bennett, but reaching final perfection under W. L. Mackenzie King, a system was established for installing civil servants' telephones.

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head of the section who signed it in quadruplicate. Then the four copies went to the deputy minister or permanent head of the department who also signed them. Then the application went to Treasury Board, the five-headed Cerberus that guards the Canadian taxpayer's money.

Treasury Board is a committee of five cabinet ministers with the minister of finance as chairman. Its permanent secretary is a senior official of the Finance Department ranking just below the deputy minister. The present secretary is Robert Bryce, who before he undertook this thankless chore was one of the government's top financial advisers.

Under Bryce is a staff of about a hundred and the telephone application went to one branch of that staff. In due course they sent an inspector to the office applying for the phone and if he was satisfied he too signed the forms.

Then they had to go back to the applicant's own department where the minister himself had to sign them. The application was then ready for final consideration and approval by the Treasury Board itself, the committee of five ministers.

As I said, this mumbo jumbo was abolished toward the end of the year, but even the Treasury Board admits that it is still a perfect laboratory specimen of governmental red tape.

Treasury Board has to make two hundred to five hundred decisions a week. One decision might be whether a defense contract should be five million dollars or six millions. Another would be the board's approval required by statute for the promotion of a Grade One to a Grade Two stenographer.

It needs little argument to show that this procedure is wasteful: five $18,000-a-year ministers pondering the promotion of one $1,800-a-year clerk. What most taxpayers don't realize, though, is that it's the very opposite of drunken-sailor extravagance. On the contrary it is the complicated, sophisticated system set up to prevent waste.

Expenditures must be approved by Treasury Board not once but twice—once when they go into the Estimates for submission to parliament, and again when the money is to be spent. That is not all, however. After authorization but before actual payment each item must be scrutinized by the comptroller of the treasury, who keeps a staff of treasury officers in every nook and cranny of the government service. Accounts are still liable to a further check by the auditor-general, who operates outside the Finance Department and is responsible only to parliament.

Nobody seems to know how much all this costs. The people employed in these three accounting branches number almost five thousand; no one will estimate how many other clerks are needed to keep the accounts ready for scrutiny. But everyone agrees it's a lot.

Traveling expense accounts are a case in point. Most companies, not only private firms but crown corporations too, allow a daily rate which varies with the traveler's rank. Accounts which stay under the ceiling are passed with minimum fuss.

Not so in the government service proper. The treasury officer wants details to the last dime, regardless of how big or small the total. You can imagine what this means after a two-month trip through several countries. The returning official is expected to remember in pfennigs or kroner or lire precisely what tip he gave to a taxi driver seven weeks ago Friday.

Needless to say he can't do it. The detailed expense account is invariably faked, but this doesn't discourage the treasury officer from going through it with a fine comb and sending it back for more particulars.

Aside from the huge volume of paper work this demands, it is bad for civil service morale. It would still be justifiable if it saved the taxpayer's money, but that's a debatable point. Many observers believe the present system of checking expenditure is itself a cause of waste.

Treasury Board and Treasury Office alike are cruelly overworked by the appalling load of petty detail they have to carry. Moreover, the details of technical operations are often more than the average general accountant can understand.

Not long ago the Treasury Office asked one government agency to let them have a junior man so they could get better-informed reports on the agency's work. The request was greeted with incredulous mirth. "What? You want me to give you one of my juniors so you can make him a treasury officer so he can veto the decisions I take?"

That was rude but accurate, so no more was said about it. But the problem of dealing with technical matters remains, and the Treasury is still responsible for the expenditure—not the spending department. As a result there is a standing opportunity for buck passing. What's a few hundred thousand more or less when somebody else has to take the responsibility for it?

A Remedy For Congestion

Treasury Board has a kindred problem imposed by the calendar. Parliament votes money to the various departments for one year only. Anything still unspent at midnight of March 31, when the fiscal year ends, disappears like Cinderella's coach. It returns to the Treasury to become part of Doug Abbott's unwanted surplus and the whole process of appropriation, examination and approval must be gone through again.

The later it gets each year the more desperately each department strives to get its appropriation spent before the deadline. No longer does anyone ask whether the material offered is just the right thing or the method the most efficient. Take what's available and ask no questions, anything to avoid the hellish business of having the money voted a second time. That's the motto from Christmas to Easter.

A major improvement in this regard went into effect last year with the new Financial Administration Act. Until then no action could be taken on any new project until parliament had voted the money and Treasury Board had approved, which often meant late autumn. The Christmas-to-Easter spending spree was therefore multiplied. Under the new law preliminary work can begin as soon as the Estimates are laid before parliament, so the autumn congestion is relieved. But the March 31 deadline still remains, theoretically a bulwark of parliamentary control and economy but actually an urgent temptation to waste and extravagance.

Thus checks and balances frustrate their own ends. To some extent the same thing has happened to the machine to stop political patronage.

The machine did serve its primary purpose. Except in a few odd corners patronage has indeed been wiped out. The great army of federal civil servants is recruited on a merit basis.

At the top it is extraordinarily good, as able a group as you will find anywhere in Canada. Many of them could earn twice the money in private industry. They stay at lower salaries to work long hours at discouraging tasks and they seem to like it.

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But relatively few of these top men have risen from the ranks. Of two dozen who run the principal departments only a third were recruited by the Civil Service Commission in the ordinary way. Two thirds were brought in at or near the top over the heads of men who had spent their lives in the departments.

Evidently the civil service is failing still, as it did in the bad old days, to produce its own leaders. It is short of the general wide-ranging ability which leaders of men must have.

The Civil Service Commission is painfully aware of this lack but can't seem to do enough about it. In 1936 it started an experiment which is still going on, recruiting young men of general ability as junior administrative assistants. These Bright Young Men were to come in as trainees but then advance much faster than the typical civil servant. Seventy-two were recruited before the war. Only one has reached the ten-thousand-a-year bracket which now includes virtually all key jobs. Fifty-one are firmly stuck in the middle at less than six thousand. One is still in the $2,500-$2,999 range, where today's recruits begin.

Besides the difficulty of attracting the best men the government has an even harder time at the other end of the scale, getting rid of the ones who are no good. Theoretically a civil servant can be fired. Temporaries, who make up two thirds of the total, can be dropped by a deputy minister; about two hundred, mostly newcomers on probation, actually were dropped last year. But after a few years the "temporary" becomes almost as impregnable as that one-man Maginot Line, the permanent civil servant.

Permanent civil servants can be dismissed only by order-in-council, a formal act of the cabinet. In practice it hardly ever happens for anything short of theft or treason.

Ministers, being politicians, have the gravest dislike of firing anybody for any reason. Firing people makes enemies, loses votes. I have heard of one extreme case where a minister refused to take action against a man who turned up drunk every afternoon. The effect on office morale can be imagined.

Equally hard on morale is the difficulty of promoting a man in the service. All but the most minor of promotions, in a post anywhere, require the approval of both the Civil Service Commission and the Treasury Board.

Promotion is strictly vertical. If one department has a vacancy and wants a man from another department the man cannot move unless his deputy minister agrees. Deputies tend to hang on to their men. Hence the civil servant moves forward like a pawn, one space at a time and straight ahead. He never acquires the mobility of a knight or a bishop or even a rook, let alone a queen.

Last year National Defence had an opening for a bright young foreign service officer. He wanted to go, but External Affairs wouldn't let him. Too valuable a man, they said, though they weren't paying him much.

Later the young man got an offer from a private firm. His boss at External Affairs read him a lecture about deserting the country's service. "Take the National Defence job; don't go out and be a huckster."

The young man blew his top. "When I wanted to go to National Defence you wouldn't let me. Now you can

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have both jobs. I'm getting out of this narrow trap once and for all.'

When the same kind of wrangle arises between departments of a private company it is settled by the general manager. The civil service has no general manager. That is perhaps its biggest single weakness.

Seven years ago a three-man commission headed by Walter Gordon, Toronto business consultant, made a survey of the civil service and mentioned this lack of firm central direction as a lethal fault that "must be eliminated." The Gordon Report urged the creation of a new post, Director General of Establishments, a kind of super-deputy who would have no department of his own but would be senior to all the deputy ministers.

The Gordon Report has never been implemented, partly because each of the able men who were offered the job of director general turned it down. They said it wouldn't work. Most of their colleagues agree. But they also agree that some other solution of similar kind must be found, some central focus of direction created, before the machinery of government can be made to work as smoothly as it should do.

Not that it works so badly now. All the foregoing complaints and criticisms have been picked up from men who have spent most of their lives in the government's employ. Talk to men who have worked for Big Industry as well as Big Government and you hear a different view.

These men say many of the government's troubles are the penalty of bigness inherent in all big operations. Others they find actually preferable to the usual alternatives in business, which have their own drawbacks. Still others can't be avoided entirely in dealing with public money, which has to be watched more carefully than a company need watch its own peanuts.

Moreover the federal system has been greatly improved in the postwar years and the process still goes on. The new Financial Administration Act cleared a great heap of obsolete and petty duties from the cabinet and the Treasury Board and gave departments freedom to act in ordinary routine matters. Improvement in the publication of orders and regulations has had a great effect in keeping operations and methods up to date.

Staffs have been cut while work has increased. To take one example out of many, the auditor general used to have a staff of two hundred and fifty. He has cut it to one hundred and fifty and still gets more done. You could match that in fifty offices.

But whatever improvements are made, government efficiency will remain a problem because government itself has become so important. No matter what party comes to power the new role of the state will not shrink. Big Government is here to stay and it cannot be run forever by methods that sufficed for Little Government.

It is true that reforms will make relatively little difference in the total cash cost of government because salaries and wages are only an eighth of the civilian budget; most of it goes for social security, national debt charges and so on. But that doesn't make reform futile or unimportant. We need it to improve the services themselves. We need it to make the service attractive to more good men at all levels, not just at the top.

Whether we like it or not, the state and its machinery have become a tremendous factor in the lives and welfare of us all. We'd better make sure every part of the machinery is run by competent men. ★

Back From Insanity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

When I couldn't get another job I was almost frantic. Every night I'd come back to our little rented two-room flat after spending all day looking for work, and I'd simply collapse on the chesterfield from exhaustion and worry. I'd always been an extraverted friendly sort of girl with a good sense of humor, but now nothing seemed to interest me. I didn't want to see anybody or go anywhere. I just wanted a job, and there wasn't one.

JOE: It was about this time that a couple of our relatives and their baby moved in to stay with us for a few weeks until their own place would be ready. They were cousins, and one of them had some sort of palsy that made her shake all the time. One night I came home from work and there was Margery staggering around the apartment with a queer look in her eyes, imitating the cousin. Margery had never been a cruel or sarcastic person and she was moving in a sort of cold automatic way that frightened me.

MARGERY: Of course I don't remember a thing about all this. I remember the job ending and the cousins coming and that's all.

JOE: Another day Margery grabbed their baby and screamed at them, "You've no right to it. I'm the one who should have it." A couple of days after that she asked my cousin, "Did you ever lose your mind for an hour or so? I did." She explained to her that she had been sitting in the apartment one afternoon at two o'clock when it was just as if her mind had left her body. She literally blacked out, but she wasn't asleep or unconscious. Then just as suddenly, as if her mind was a rundown clock and somebody had wound it up again, it started to work—only now it was half past three!

MARGERY: Did that really happen to me? I don't remember a thing about it now.

JOE: Well, anyway, that was the beginning of it. Then one day after the cousins had moved out I came home from work and found my wife sitting motionless in the living room, just staring in front of her, with an utterly blank look in her eyes. I'll never forget that look. It was then I knew she was going mental. She began to talk, a wild and rambling conversation that contradicted itself and got nowhere, and all about how she wasn't crazy, nobody had said she was, but was just as sane as anybody else.

I went out and telephoned our doctor. He suggested I take Margery to see an excellent psychiatrist who happened to be visiting our town that week. The psychiatrist examined her and said she was seriously disturbed. He arranged for her to enter the mental hospital the following week. We were lucky to get her in so soon, for Canadian mental hospitals are dreadfully crowded and I understand there are waiting lists. Anyway, it was only a week before Margery was admitted—but that week seemed a year.

She didn't sleep any more at night, just prowled around like a nervous cat. I'd lie awake for hours listening to her footsteps padding back and forth, back and forth, between our two rooms. One night I was so darned worn out by exhaustion and worry that I dropped off to sleep about midnight. A couple of hours later I woke up suddenly in a cold sweat of fear and there, coming at me with a pointed paper knife in her hand, was Margery! She grappled with me there on the bed, trying to plunge the thing into my throat. How I got the knife out of her hands I don't know, but I did, and then we both collapsed. I was sick with shock and fright. I couldn't believe my own wife had tried to kill me. All the rest of that night I sat up watching her in case she'd try it again, but she just sat there and stared listlessly back at me.

As it turned out, that was the only time in Margery's entire illness that she ever tried to attack anyone, and she was never suicidally inclined. She entered hospital early in December.

FOR a few days, as is the custom in most mental hospitals, Mrs. Anderson was kept in bed for rest and examination. Her illness, doctors decided, was "functional" rather than "organic"—that is, it was not caused by physical or structural injury to the brain or central nervous system by such disorders as alcoholism, syphilis, brain tumor, hardening of the brain's arteries, or severe infection. Her nervous system had simply been strained beyond its breaking point, probably by a combination of her early emotional experiences, her individual physical make-up and her environment. Exactly how or why or how much they couldn't say, for the human brain is an extraordinarily complex machine and the specific causes of all types of mental illness are not yet known. As a great neurologist has put it, "If all the telegraph, telephone and radio equipment of the North American continent could be squeezed into a half-gallon cup, it would be less intricate than the three pints of brains that fill your skull and mine."

In schizophrenia—Mrs. Anderson's particular type of mental illness—it is as though this complicated apparatus is full of tangled wires, loose ends and disconnections. What has happened is a rupture between one's thinking, feeling and behavior. One's total personality doesn't function as a whole any more, but rather as separate parts, and these parts distorted and colored by unreality. A schizophrenic's reactions are bewildering and incomprehensible to anyone else. Something funny may strike her as tremendously sad so that she bursts into wild tears; something relatively harmless may terrify her so that she cringes with fear or springs to defend herself. Something logical will seem illogical through her eyes, and the most fantastic impulse seems right and natural to her disturbed viewpoint. The simplest things cause the most extraordinary reactions. It is the task of the psychiatrist to try to put this delicate and complex apparatus back together again so that it will function in a harmonious way grounded on reality.

During the following year a whole battery of medical weapons, with the exception of surgery, was called up to fight Mrs. Anderson's illness, including psychology, medicine, physiotherapy, hydrotherapy, occupational therapy and two different kinds of shock treat-

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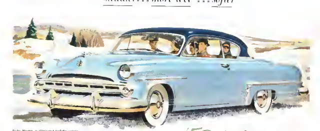

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ment. Of all this Margery remembers hardly anything. Joe, who traveled back and forth by bus all that winter to visit her, has to speak for both of them when he describes her uneven recovery.

JOE: I visited Margery in hospital a couple of weeks after her admission and found her up and around, fairly relaxed and cheerful. She was delighted with the Christmas gifts I'd brought her. We spent the afternoon chatting and I remember how happy I was going home on the bus that evening. Maybe her illness was going to vanish as suddenly as it had come and she'd be home again in no time.

I went back on Christmas Day, full of hope, and this time she didn't even know me! I felt as if the ground had been yanked out from under my feet. There was nothing to do but go home again on the next bus, but on the way out I spoke to the doctor. He was mildly encouraging. He said mental patients often go up and down like that and that the next time I came she might be entirely different.

MARGERY: I don't remember any of those early visits at all. My thirty-second birthday came and went in January and I didn't even know it.

JOE: She spent her birthday strapped up on a bed in the infirmary because she'd managed to fracture a vertebra during one of the convulsions brought on by a shock treatment. I believe this kind of accident happens only rarely and is not too serious, but it's certainly painful. And of course it meant that she had to stay in bed for weeks with her back strapped up, and the shock treatments which had already helped her considerably had to be stopped. That was in January.

In February Margery took a turn for the worse. The doctors said this had nothing to do with the fracture; it was simply another phase of the mental illness. Anyway, she refused to eat or drink, and when I went to see her she was down to sixty pounds and they were feeding her intravenously. I thought then our life together was all over.

MARGERY: But the next month, just as mysteriously, I apparently took a turn for the better and ate like a horse and was soon back up to my normal weight. It was March now and I'd been in hospital four months with only the occasional brief period of lucidity in the darkness of my mind.

JOE: Those months were like a nightmare to me. First of all I never knew where I'd find my wife when I went to see her. They kept moving her around. Maybe they were crowded, or maybe they did it on purpose to keep her with other patients at about the same stage of the disease, or to cheer her up with new faces in a different ward. I never did know. Then when I did track her down she would often be so different from the restrained and gentle girl I knew. For instance, once I found her in a room by herself because she'd been removing her clothes and walking around in the nude. Why would she want to do that? Another time she was in a single room because she had insisted on rolling some old woman off her cot onto the floor. Once I found her and another patient tussling over a green lace dress I'd brought Margery on a previous visit; the other woman said it was hers and was trying to pull it off my wife and Margery was hanging onto it just as hard.

I remember that at one stage in her illness she suffered from a delusion that she had murdered her brother, who was serving overseas and of whom she was really very fond. She would ask me over and over, "Did I really do that?" and I'd reassure her, "No, of course you didn't. Your brother is alive and well." Sometimes I'd find her depressed, not knowing me, but clutching one of my letters in her hands. She didn't seem bothered by having the other mental patients around her (I guess they all took each other for granted in their queer preoccupied way) but I found it a strain to walk down a long corridor and face so many disturbed women. I had to remind myself that they were being treated scientifically and that many of them would soon be well again.

By the time April came Margery had improved considerably, but the improvement was largely physical. She was apathetic and dull, mentally stagnant, and the doctors said she would stay that way unless I authorized more shock treatments. Shock was the only thing that could snap

her out of it. But they wouldn't start them again without my written permission because of Margery's previous accident.

It was a hard decision for a husband to have to make. On the one hand I might be letting my wife in for another painful accident to her spine—a remote possibility, but after all she'd done it once; and on the other hand, by refusing to sign I might be condemning her to spend the rest of her life as a mere vegetable, without perception or feeling or intelligence. Both possibilities were dreadful, but I thought, "What good is her life to her if she stays like this?" so I agreed. They started giving her both kinds, insulin and electro-shock, about twenty-five treatments in all, I think, and her response was immediate and dramatic. In a matter of weeks she was a changed woman.

INSULIN shock is the most effective therapy yet discovered for schizophrenia. Dr. N. L. Easton, senior medical specialist of the Ontario Hospital in New Toronto, recently declared: "The type of patient who responds best is the person in his twenties or thirties who has lived a fairly normal existence up until recently when he has been called upon to face a number of unusual and trying circumstances. As a result he becomes bewildered ... suspicious ... panic-stricken ... difficult to manage. About eighty percent of these patients will recover after eight to twelve weeks of insulin shock therapy. Without it only about thirty percent will leave hospital within eighteen months."

Insulin, administered intramuscularly, causes a patient to first feel warm and soothed, then become drowsy, fall asleep, finally sink into a short coma (roughly half an hour to an hour long) during which he is unconscious, remembering nothing later of what occurs during this period. Immediately before and after the coma period he is often excitable, affectionate, dependent and talkative, and voices many of his suppressed conflicts. His doctor naturally chooses this time to help him with psychotherapy. Properly administered by a trained staff, insulin shock is safe and painless. The patient is brought back to consciousness with a little sweetened fruit juice.

Electro-shock is another highly effective weapon in psychiatry. Properly administered it too is safe and painless. Electrodes are placed against a patient's temples and a current of a specified voltage—prescribed for the particular patient—is passed through the head for the merest fraction of a second. Result: a convulsion followed by a brief coma, after which the patient regains consciousness. The value of electro-shock for schizophrenia depends on the length of the illness. Caught in their early stage, about sixty percent of schizophrenics recover after twenty or more treatments. Dr. C. A. Cleland, medical superintendent of the Ontario Hospital in Toronto, has stated: "We feel that electro-shock for the mentally ill is comparable to penicillin in physical infections and has helped make the mental hospital a cheerful place where recovery is expected and achieved."

Margery Anderson, of course, remembers nothing of what went on during her shock treatments, or how she felt during them. She does remember that she was often able to tell herself as they prepared to give her shock, "This is going to be unpleasant, but they're doing it to help me get well," and she also remembers that she felt better after she'd had shock. It was several weeks after her second series of treatments started that she began to notice what went on around her in the hospital: the doctors, the nurses, the other patients.

MARGERY: I remember there were different nurses who took an interest in me and tried to help me. One of them, a pretty little blonde, showed me how to knit the heel in a pair of socks I was making for Joe. Another encouraged me to put on a little make-up and comb my hair nicely when I was expecting visitors. "You look much prettier that way," she would say. She got me a little box to keep my lipstick and powder in, I remember. And there was another nurse who showed her confidence in my ability by asking me to file some cards alphabetically in a small box for her. A small thing, but it meant a lot to me at that time.

I remember only three of the patients: a girl named Isabel, who kept insisting she was perfectly sane but was in there collecting material for a book she was going to write; a woman named Georgina whose family had entirely abandoned her when she was judged insane, so that she waited and waited but never had a visitor; and Pearl, the woman who tried to take away my green dress.

When I was really sick, the other patients didn't worry me at all because I didn't notice them, and when I was better they didn't worry me much because I kept thinking that compared to them I was practically cured. I suppose every mental patient feels like that about the others.

JOE: During the summer Margery was so much improved that I visited her almost every week-end. She always recognized me. Sometimes we'd walk on the grounds, and once I remember we played a game where we tried to identify the buildings and spires of the town below where we'd spent our two-day honeymoon in the middle of those hectic war days.

MARGERY: Once Joe and Mother and my sisters and brothers came and we all ate a picnic lunch out in the garden. It was like a family reunion. Times like those I felt it was only a matter of days until I'd be home again.

JOE: She improved so steadily that I went to the doctors and asked them if she couldn't leave the hospital now. They promised they'd give her an oral examination and let me know, and sure enough she passed the examination. I was on top of the world. Margery's mother, who was staying with me, was just as delighted, and we started to fix up the apartment for her return. Then suddenly word came that Margery's mind had gone again—just gone, like before. It was a terrible blow.

PSYCHIATRISTS say these relapses among mental patients are not unusual. In a mental illness there is not the same direct "very bad ... a little better ... much better ... cured" progress that there usually is in a physical illness. In fact it requires all a doctor's skill to determine the exact time when a mental patient has acquired sufficient emotional stability to leave the shelter of the hospital and face the outside world again.

Relatives of mental patients often urge their doctor to allow the patient to come home as soon as she seems normal. This is a mistake. Margery Anderson was simply not ready yet. However, her relapse was short lived and she was gaining ground again soon. Still it was not until early the following December that her favorite nurse entered her room with a cheerful grin and said, "Come on, pack your bag. You're going home today."

MARGERY: That was the happiest day of my life. We drove home along the country roads and the fields were flat and white with snow. The world felt wide and endless and free after the narrow hospital corridors and the barred windows. It felt very strange and wonderful to be going home.

JOE: She came into our apartment and opened all the cupboard doors in the kitchen and looked inside. "Now I remember everything," she said. From that day on she improved steadily. There were lapses of memory every so often, but they got shorter and shorter until they stopped altogether.

MARGERY: One of the strangest things I remember was the hospital regulation that for the first six months after my discharge I wasn't to go anywhere alone. At first I resented this. It seemed so stupid. I thought, "If I'm well enough to be out, I'm well enough to go downtown shopping by myself. I'm not a baby." But Joe explained that the rule was for my own protection, after all, and my mother offered to go with me wherever and whenever I wanted, so it wasn't so bad really. We went shopping in the stores and they were all decorated for Christmas so it was exciting. But everything cost so much and there were so many people. Joe gave me money for a new hat and I chose a very fancy one covered with sequins.

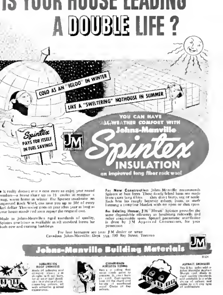
Now that I look back on those days Joe seems to have done a lot of things that were psychologically right. For instance, by suggesting that my mother was getting old and telling me he expected it would relieve her of some of the housework, he gave me a sense of responsibility. At the same time both he and my mother managed to keep any serious worries away from me until I was better equipped to deal with them. By inviting friends over occasionally for a quiet evening he gradually got me used to entertaining again. I'd worry, "But what will I say to them? How will I act?" and he'd tell me, "Just be yourself. You're doing fine." He encouraged me to sew again and when I showed him the first dress I'd made he was delighted. I think Joe and my mother played a very important part in my adjustment to life outside the hospital.

JOE: By early spring Margery knew she was pregnant. Naturally we'd both been somewhat fearful of having a baby so soon after her hospitalization. Yet we had the feeling that maybe, after wanting a child for so long, it might actually help in her recovery. We decided to risk it.

MARGERY: I had a perfectly normal pregnancy without any special discomfort and there was nothing unusual about my labor. Our healthy little boy was born the following October.

JOE: Then a couple of days after the child was born, Margery's mind blacked out again! Maybe it was the hospital atmosphere that frightened her—we don't know. Anyway they found her wandering through the halls in her nightdress, looking for the [illegible]. Apparently she'd got the idea the baby was dead and I'd left her, and she was starting off to look for me. They put her back in bed and reassured her that everything was all right and in a day or two her mind cleared again and has stayed that way ever since, thank God. That was six years ago.

IN SPITE of her husband's encouragement and her household duties, including the care of her baby, Mrs. Anderson found that when the baby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was a year old she was restless for outside work. "I guess I wanted to prove to my own satisfaction that I could take a job and hold it," she says. One day she read a letter in her newspaper about the shortage of nursery schools in her town. She promptly decided to start one of her own. Joe was a bit leery of her taking on such strenuous demanding work but when their family doctor said, "Fine. It's just what she needs," he agreed to it.

Mrs. Anderson started her school from scratch, drawing up lists of potential customers, telephoning mothers, hiring a helper and renting a room in the basement of a church. Twenty-four children were enrolled. (Whether their mothers knew she was an ex-mental patient or not Mrs. Anderson doesn't know. Certainly she has never denied the fact.) Everything went along in good order for two years and at the end of that time Margery had saved enough money to help her husband make a down payment on an eight-thousand-dollar house.

MARGERY: Then I transferred the nursery school right into my own home. We set off a special room for the children and fenced in the yard and got some equipment, and of course by now my own little boy was coming to school too. After a while we extended the school from just half days to full days as a service to working mothers. Of course my mother was living with me and helping a great deal around the house, but even so when the last child was picked up by its mother at supper time I was a very tired girl. Still I was enjoying every moment of it and the doctor said I was in splendid health. I got a lot of satisfaction out of knowing I'd started something all by myself and made a success of it. I had to give up the school last year when Joe was transferred and we moved to another town. I took a business course and now I'm secretary to a very busy man.

JOE: Sometimes I think that part of Margery's trouble may be her tremendous nervous energy. She always wants to do as much as possible as well as possible. Why, during those years she was teaching nursery school she also hooked and braided rugs, made needle point for our chairs, helped re-cover our chesterfield suite, fixed up dressing tables, made curtains, painted pictures, canned fruit and vegetables and made her own clothes. On Sundays for relaxation she taught Sunday school. If ever a woman has earned a rest it's Margery, only she won't take it and I'm not even sure it would be good for her.

MARGERY: I wouldn't know what to do with a rest. I've always been busy. My father died young, before he could make his Ph.D. degree pay off financially, and my mother had to take boarders into our home to help bring us up. I can't remember a time I wasn't helping her around the house or studying hard so I could come first at school or working during vacations to earn money for Normal School. I remember when I was fifteen I worked in a rest home where I had to turn double bed mattresses by myself and wash mountains of greasy pots and pans in a kitchen as hot as a boiler room.

Later on after I was a teacher the depression was on and mother lost her boarders so I tried to help her out a bit financially, as well as my younger brother who was trying to put himself through medical school.

Then I met Joe. He was teaching high school but he's the type who tries to carry the whole class on his shoulders and it was just too much for him. His health broke down and he had to give up the profession he'd equipped himself for and look for less demanding work. He took a job in a factory. What money he'd saved up went to buy furniture for our little apartment when we married, so of course I insisted on working too. Both of us wanted a home and a family as soon as possible. Anyway what with one thing and another I can't remember a time I wasn't worrying about something. And I bottle things up inside myself.

JOE: Even so, considering the rest of her background as I know it, there's nothing that would seem to indicate Margery was heading for a breakdown. It's true her family didn't have much money but nobody starved or lacked good clothes or toys or even music lessons and they're a very devoted family. Margery's always had lots of friends. She had several proposals before she accepted me. Our marriage relationship has been good from the start, with no evident fears or inhibitions, and she's relaxed and natural with our little boy.

MARGERY: I wonder what he'll say someday when he learns his mother was once in a mental hospital? I hope by then people will have a more intelligent attitude toward mental illness than they have today, with their dismal jokes about "nuts" and "looney bins" and "snake pits," and the way they look at every person who's ever had a siege of mental trouble with an expression that says, "I wonder when she's going to go off her rocker again."

I remember when I was in hospital I used to wonder why some of my best friends never wrote me. I discovered later that they were tactfully trying to help me "save face." That is, by not writing me they pretended they didn't know where I was. That was supposed to make me feel good. Then after I was out again I'd maybe mention something or other that had happened in the hospital, some incident or other, and they'd glance hastily away as if I'd said something awkward and embarrassing. I soon learned not to even mention the place. Most of my friends and all my relatives were more understanding, thank goodness, but every so often I'd meet some nice new woman and just as we were getting friendly she'd discover I'd been in a mental hospital and she'd drop me like a hot potato. Things like that hurt.

JOE: Margery has been well for more than six years now and we hope and pray she stays that way. A very high percentage of ex-mental patients do, you know, if their illness is treated early. But if the time should ever come when mental illness strikes our home again we will have no hesitation about placing our trust in a mental hospital, confident that it will do all it can to help us again.

MARGERY: When Joe's firm opened a branch out here in the east last year and put him in charge of it I thought it would be nice for me to join the woman's auxiliary of our church. Well, Thanksgiving meeting came and each of us women was asked to stand up and tell the group her greatest cause for giving thanks. When it was my turn I said, "I'm thankful for a happy home life with a wonderful husband and a healthy young son." But what I really wanted to say, except that I was afraid to risk it, was, "I'm thankful for the mental hospitals of our land. I was sick and they made me well again. With patience and kindness and all the medical and psychological skill at their command, hard-working doctors and nurses helped me to become what I am today — a happy wife and mother." ★

Our Sorry Record On Housing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

intervened in housing in varying degree. In Britain housing has become largely a government sponsored and controlled affair, with nine out of ten houses built with at least some government aid. In Sweden eight out of ten homes arise with government financial help and co-operatives have become the leading form of home ownership. In Australia too government sponsored developments have become a large part of the housing production.

Even in the U. S. more than half of all new dwellings in recent years were built with some form of government backing. In Canada the proportion is about two out of five. And in the U. S. the kind of aid offered has been more effective in keeping down the cost of owning a home.

Biggest boost behind housing in the U. S. has been the special interest rate of four percent and low down payments for veterans. As the result of government guarantees of the mortgage, builders have been able to offer houses to ex-GIs for $250 to $500 down in most cases, and even nothing down for the lowest priced houses. About three million homes have been built so far on this basis — almost half of all postwar U. S. houses.

The GI plan also cuts carrying charges for this large group of home buyers. Interest and amortization on a twenty-year nine-thousand-dollar mortgage total about fifty-five dollars a month compared with sixty-one a month for a Canadian vet or non-vet under the new NHA rate of five and a quarter percent, and even more for privately financed mortgages, which currently command six and six and a half percent.

Even a non-vet in the U. S. can move into a new ten-thousand-dollar house with a down payment of twelve to fifteen hundred dollars under the U. S. system of insuring the mortgage lender against loss. The non-vet pays interest of about four and one half percent on a guaranteed Federal Housing Authority mortgage, about five to five and a half for a non-FHA loan.

The heart of the matter is that there is simply more capital available in the U. S. for investing in homes. There are many more sources lending money for homes. Canada has few savings and loan associations, the largest single home lending group in the U. S., and no mutual savings bank, another big source of mortgages in the U. S. In Canada the large commercial banks are prohibited by law from lending on mortgages. That's the real pinch on mortgages, since these banks otherwise occupy the function of savings banks in the U. S. In Canada credit unions are an important source of mortgage loans in rural areas, especially in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan, but on a national basis they provide only five or six percent of mortgage loans.

The most important source in Canada for the mortgage money that starts houses is insurance companies. But as David Mansur has pointed out, Canadian insurance companies don't put as much of their funds into mortgages as do U. S. insurance companies. Only eighteen percent of their investing funds go into mortgage loans as against twenty-five percent of the U. S. insurance companies money. Even U. S. insurance companies operating in Canada don't invest the same proportion of their Canadian investment funds in housing as they do at home.

Furthermore, Canadian insurance companies are limited by law to lending only sixty percent of the appraised value of a home except on NHA mortgages on which down payments are twenty percent and for eligible defense workers ten percent. Thus a would-be homeowner is sometimes compelled to get a second mortgage at up to ten percent interest.

The general result is that a Canadian in need of a roof for his family must often borrow from private individuals. For instance two out of five houses being built in Canada at present are going up in Ontario where about forty percent of mortgage loans are supplied by private investors. In the U. S. the over-all figure is fourteen percent.

Another big aid to home ownership in the U. S. is the income tax dispensation. The American home buyer is excused from the federal tax on that part of his income which he pays for mortgage interest and real estate taxes. A family with a nine-thousand-dollar mortgage thus may save eighty to ninety dollars a year. Add the typical difference of four to six dollars a month in mortgage interest in the American's favor and you see why it's easier to sell or buy homes there than here. Even in the middle of its rearmament boom the U. S., with not quite eleven times Canada's population, is building eighteen times more houses.

Among the provincial governments, only Quebec, through its Farm Credit Bureau, subsidizes home ownership to an extent noticeably easing carrying charges and this help is limited to low priced dwellings. Quebec will pay part of the interest charges on approved mortgages for new houses of not more than seven thousand dollars for a single-family dwelling and twelve thou

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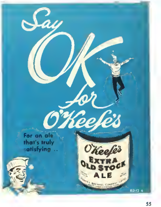
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sand dollars for amily dwelling. This plan is becoming widely used. About forty-one hundred dwellings were built under it in 1950, about sixty-four hundred in 1951.

Another special reason why it's especially hard to find money for homes in Canada is the relatively brisk competition for capital. There's plenty of construction going on but you can't live in it unless you know the night watchman. It's in defense industries and natural resources developments like the iron ore development in the Quebec Labrador region and the oil pipe line from Alberta and hydro electric and transportation facilities. While construction of homes dropped ten percent in the first half of 1952 construction of natural resource projects jumped fifteen percent.

With such projects bidding for money against the man who wants to borrow ten thousand dollars for a house, interest rates naturally have increased. The government's own long term bonds recently have been yielding close to three and a half percent interest, a jump of two fifths of one percent over last year and yields on some municipal bonds have gone up as much as one percent. Naturally the insurance companies and other investors find it easier to put money into bonds rather than into mortgages on houses, each of which requires clerical work and expense to appraise, service and collect.

Too, Canada has bowed to the tradition of individual initiative and private enterprise in housing more than most other industrialized nations. European countries of course now almost completely subsidize housing for lower income families. The U.S. public housing program also exceeds Canada's, at least at this writing, between administration changes. In 1949, among other measures to plant low cost homes, Congress authorized construction of eight hundred and ten thousand low rent public housing dwellings over a six-year period for joint sponsorship by the government and local communities. The program started fast, the communities spoke up for almost one fourth of the entire number the first year. But more recently it has slowed down because of retrenchment demands. Congress desired to keep down the ballooning U.S. budget and opposition of realtors and other community groups in some cities led them to decline participation.

Right after the war Canada had a large program of publicly initiated rental housing designed in the main to shelter returning veterans. But it has dwindled each year to where just twenty-five hundred publicly initiated dwellings of any type were launched in 1951.

To some extent, too, Canadian families may have to decide what they want or need most urgently in this time of expansion. Mansur has pointed out that the rate of spending for housing during the postwar years hasn't kept up with increased spending for cars and television sets. In fact there are now close to three million cars buzzing around Canada's streets and highways, only slightly fewer than our three and a half million homes. That's seventy percent more vehicles than before the war. This may mean only that people like riding around better than sitting at home but it's still part of the problem of finding money for houses.

What are the chances of the shortage easing?

There are some signs of improvement in the offing, more in the long run than in the short. For one thing, housing starts have picked up since last spring, thus promising there will be a few more homes available next year than this, including more apartments to rent.

Too, a number of development builders have rolled up their sleeves again and are challenging the housing problem with some reasonably priced developments. In Ajax near Toronto a builder is offering a three-bedroom brick-veneer bungalow for $9,600 with the land cost of more than one thousand dollars included in the price. In Quebec a group of four-bedroom houses recently went on the market at $12,500. An Oshawa builder has obtained CMHC approval for plans to build two-bedroom frame bungalows to sell for $6,000.

CMHC also reports there's a noticeable improvement in living conditions in some of the new developments as the result of better planning. Builders are getting away from the monotonous moderate-cost pattern of houses of uniform color and appearance arranged in grids with no thought of grouping or other variations.

As in most other countries, Canadians may have to sacrifice some space and privacy for more dwellings. In the last three years there's been a noticeable trend toward more apartments and row houses and fewer one-family dwellings, although detached houses are still in the majority. All over the world governments and builders are striving to produce more houses with less material. England has come up with a design for government sponsored houses that saves ten percent on materials while providing as much area. The design runs the stairway to the second floor right from the living room and otherwise cuts down on hallway space.

New building materials and techniques also hold out promise for producing a greater abundance of dwellings at less expense, like the lightweight building blocks called aggregates which make possible a lighter and cheaper framework. There's also a reviving interest in prefabricated houses as the result of recent success with them in Europe particularly. The homeowner's dream of a few years ago of low-cost houses factory produced by the thousands never materialized, chiefly because some prefabs are really economical only when put up on a large scale by experienced contractors. But prefabs are still developing. In the Netherlands, where more homes per capita have been built since the war than anywhere else, one sixth of all recent homes are prefabs. In England nearly one fifth of all permanent homes built since 1945 are prefabs. In Sweden the government lends builders prepared to erect prefabs up to ninety percent of their cost and as a result more than one fifth of recent Swedish homes have been built in this way. Some successful European manufacturers are now planning to sell their prefabs to Canadian homeseekers.

More dwellings for the lowest income groups at least will appear in the next several years, which may ease some pressure in the other. A number of towns are now moving to start public housing projects, controversial as they are. This has been possible since 1949 under Section 35 of the National Housing Act, which has been little used up to now partly out of deference to defense requirements. By 1951 only one such project was actually built, a development of one hundred and forty dwellings in St. John's, Nfld. Under this program the federal government lends seventy-five percent of the money for a housing project. It has to be paid back, and the province and municipality put up the rest.

Now seven provinces have arranged to participate: Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and the program is beginning to spark some dwellings. Some of these are subsidized but a number are planned to pay their own way. The Ontario cities of Windsor and St. Thomas are now constructing 365 single family detached houses under the plan and Hamilton is putting up a 500-family rental development. Projects have been blueprinted for Halifax, Vancouver, Kingston and several other cities.

There's also a provision for grants to municipalities to rehabilitate blighted areas but the only such effort under way with government aid is the Regent Park redevelopment in Toronto, now two thirds completed. More than a thousand families will finally be housed there.

Especially interesting is a fifty-family terrace house project planned for Ottawa. Each residence will have six rooms (three bedrooms), basement and a small attic. The homes will be offered to families with incomes of two thousand dollars to two thousand five hundred, who will pay rent of fifty dollars to fifty-five. CMHC is putting up ninety percent of the building cost in the form of a low interest mortgage (three and a half percent). After forty years, ownership of the project reverts to the city. The city is putting up ten percent of the four-hundred-thousand-dollar cost of the project.

There's growing consciousness in the building industry and government of the need for more financing. CMHC's action in raising the ante on the amount of money supplied for the new Ottawa housing development is one sign. So was the announcement by Robert H. Winters, Minister of Resources and Development, that CMHC will make mortgage loans in any town under fifty thousand population where private loans are hard to find. Another sign is the agency—Interprovincial Building Credits Ltd.—set up by Canada's building-materials dealers to lend money for home improvements, extension and expansion. The dealers defray close to twenty-five percent of the interest charges on such loans. A homeowner simply applies to any building-material firm. While this doesn't help a fellow who must start from scratch to build a house, it's another step in the direction of shaking loose more money for homes.

One aspect of Canada's admittedly painful housing shortage should not pass unnoticed. The very scarcity of mortgage money has provided a more recession-proof base under housing here than in the U.S. A family with a large equity is less likely to let loose of its house in an economic storm. In Canada a new homeowner generally has a high equity to begin with.

Unfortunately, Canada's larger down payments have not proved as anti-inflationary in themselves as they were generally expected to be. The costs of building a house here have risen faster than the average of other commodities. They've gone up one hundred and sixty percent since 1939, compared with one hundred and forty-five percent in the U.S.

Of course those economists who still favor large down payments as a weapon against inflation can argue that tags on houses might have ballooned still higher under Canada's special population pressure if down payments had been lower.

In any case, it all shows what happens when a nation starts growing in all directions. The old homestead just isn't big enough any more. If we continue to produce houses at the present low rate the homestead is going to remain crowded for a long, long time. ★

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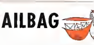


ROCKS FROM THREE RIVERS

I wish to congratulate Earle Beattie on his complete success in bungling the job in his article The City Where Dancing's a Crime (Nov. 15). The implied inability of French and English Canadians to live together without mistrust seems to be a favorite topic of numerous writers in this country. They either do their research among a group of morons or their preconceived ideas on a situation that does not exist are so strong that no one could hope to change them.—Nancy Fortier, Trois Rivières, Que.

● This is to express my sincere regrets, like many other Christians, for your publication of Beattie's article. There is so much atheism for Christians to fight against without fighting between themselves.—J. Dupuis, Montreal.

● Congratulations on the fine article on Trois Rivières. An unfortunate situation exists here as elsewhere in the province. Its statements could apply to almost any community in Quebec.—J. Kaspar, Lac Beauport, Que.

● We, of Three Rivers, are honored that Mr. Beattie and Maclean's magazine should choose our city as the basis of an article and wish to commend them for the historical and commercial data it contained. We must, however, point out that the composition would have had infinitely greater value had the author confined himself to these aspects and refrained from giving either personal opinions or those based upon information obtained from persons who are possibly unaware of the feelings of the community as a whole.

Primarily, Mr. Beattie has ignored the undersigned as an English-speaking lawyer who was practising before the arrival, during and since the departure of Alex Thomson. To say that Thomson was the first English-speaking lawyer since Confederation also dishonors the memory of distinguished names like Houliston and Ogden.—Frank I. Ritchie, Jr., Three Rivers, Que.

● I gave up the practice of law in Three Rivers after three successful years to pursue my greater interest in industrial relations and corporation work and for no other reason. During that period I served a largely French-speaking and Catholic clientele and received the utmost courtesy and fair play from a French-speaking and Catholic bench and bar. Therefore the allegation that I was obliged to leave owing to religious and racial discrimination is false.—A. H. Thomson, Montreal.

Beattie replies: "I interviewed Mr. Thomson twice before proceeding to Three Rivers and, while he displayed unusual affection for his home city, he did indicate to me that he found it difficult to make a go of his law practice there. He said, pointedly, that he was the first English lawyer in the city since Confederation."

● Beattie states, "Radisson and Des Groseilliers talked the English king, Charles II, into backing a new firm, the Hudson's Bay Company, through his nephew Prince Rupert." Prince Rupert was not the nephew of Charles but his cousin.—Jas. W. Stewart, Dundee, Ont.

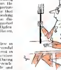
● Allow me to express appreciation of the article on Trois Rivières whose denizens appear to value material progress without worshipping it.—Francis E. Browne, Regina.

● Trois Rivières is a peaceful and progressive city where French and English-speaking people enjoy living side by side and entertain very friendly terms. Our board of directors is composed as well of French and English-speaking members, all leading citizens of this city who lose their identity within a group in order to promote the commercial, industrial and civic welfare.—André Piché, president, Chamber of Commerce, Trois Rivières, Que.

No Peace Here

Your magazine and Trent Frayne's article (They'll Keep the Peace, Nov. 15) are the laughing stock of the Peace River Country. It turns out to be an article on Grande Prairie, which is not even the largest community and which is the least liked.—Ronie Vincent, Fort St. John, B.C.

● Referring to Mrs. Brainerd's excellent restaurant your writer inserts the pie story. This particular incident did not happen to the Duke of Devonshire and it did not occur at Brainerd's.



In 1920 or a year or so later the Duke of Devonshire, the retiring governor general, visited the Grande Prairie country and a goose shoot was arranged. It took place just west of Sexsmith, quite a long way from Brainerd's. After the shoot a country-style lunch was served and the late Mr. Martin Enger delegated himself to look after the Duke's refreshment. Towards the end of the meal His Excellency, no doubt observing that other diners were piling up their used dishes, began to "stack" his dishes up also. It was at this point that Mr. Enger came out with his delightful suggestion of "Keep your fork, Duke—we're going to have pie."—E. T. Hanking, Calgary.

● A dismal flop.—Maureen Byng, Dawson Creek, B.C.

Somebody Loves Us

I sure do like your Maclean's.—Mrs. Jean Tunnah, Newcastle upon Tyne.

The Karsh's-eye View

I have never written to a magazine before but I feel I must congratulate you on those picture stories by Karsh. I certainly hope there is to be one on Montreal.—Ann Collins, Vernon, B.C.

There will be.

● What is this effort by Mr. Karsh supposed to tell? If it is designed to give us an impression of various cities it fails. If it is an example of Mr. Karsh's outdoor art, he's a good portrait man. In my opinion it's a dead loss.—Malcolm D. Murdoch, Toronto.

● Our wish from British Columbia is that the remaining nine may receive more generous treatment.—J. M. Robertson, Vancouver.

The Known Shaughnessy

In Bill Stephenson's Flashback, The Sprightly Czar of the CPR (Nov. 15), he says Van Horne appointed as his chief victualer an unknown Milwaukee clerk named Tom Shaughnessy. The "unknown clerk" was an officer of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in charge of purchasing and stores of that railway when Sir William was president.—Edward Fitzgerald, Montreal. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

out of public funds as one of two private secretaries provided for the Leader of the Opposition. R. K. Finlayson, Winnipeg lawyer who was principal secretary to Prime Minister Bennett in the Thirties, has lived in Ottawa for the past eight years on the permanent staff of the Progressive Conservative Party. He uses the Conservative caucus room as an office.

Both men have other duties. Finlayson especially is a top-level adviser on policy and parliamentary strategy. But both spend a good deal of their time preparing statements of fact and opinion for Progressive Conservative MPs.

Some, including George Drew, normally use these documents as raw material. Conservatives say that Drew didn't altogether deserve the ridicule he got from Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defense, when Claxton took paragraphs from a Drew speech and paired them off with almost identical paragraphs from the Montreal Gazette and the Toronto Globe and Mail. In this case the material was somewhat ill digested, but Conservatives swear that every word of that speech was dictated by George Drew in person.

Most of the leading PCs do the same. J. M. Macdonnell, the PCs' financial critic, doesn't use a text at all except for his annual reply to the budget, which is released to the Press in advance. Neither do John Diefenbaker, Howard Green, Gordon Graydon or Donald Fleming, to name a few. But many a backbencher and a few up front are quite happy to take the manuscript provided by Mel Jack or Rod Finlayson and read it without changing a comma. MPs assigned to make radio broadcasts for the party, especially if it's on short notice, sometimes have the complete script mailed to them from Ottawa.

The day after George Drew's speech denouncing Liberal ghost writers and proclaiming that his own speeches were indeed his own, C. D. Howe met Rod Finlayson at lunch in the Rideau Club.

"Hello Rod," he said. "I see by the papers you're out of a job. Better come over and work for me—I could use another speech writer."

Even without Finlayson the Liberals have plenty. Every minister has at least one; some have several. One industrious ghost has a file of speeches prepared in advance for every imaginable occasion in case his minister should be called upon at short notice.

It's not so easy to say, though, where collaboration ends and ghost writing begins. All senior Finance officials work on the budget speech as a matter of course, just as they do on the budget. C. D. Howe's detailed reports on the national economy might be written by economist Jack Firestone, or Robert H. Winters' housing surveys by David Mansur, president of Central Mortgage and Housing. When ministers depart from prepared material, as some persistently do, they often get their facts wrong. Overstatement seems to be an occupational disease among politicians of all parties.

Liberal backbenchers, unlike their fellows on the Opposition side, get little or no help from party ghost writers. This is not because of any conscientious scruples. It is because the Government doesn't want its backbenchers to talk. When a Liberal MP takes the floor it's a privilege, not a task, and he either writes the speech himself or hires a ghost of his own. (Some ask friends in the Press Gallery to whip up something for them.)

As for the smaller parties, they too get less help than the major ones. They can't afford it. The CCF has three people on its Ottawa staff who prepare speech material occasionally, but all have full-time jobs to do as well. Donald MacDonald, national treasurer, is on the road six months of every year. Lorne Ingle, national secretary, carries the administrative load at Woodsworth House. John MacNeil, research director, has to put out a regular publication for the party. In the main CCF members from M. J. Coldwell down have to compose their own oratory.

The same goes for Social Crediters, for similar reasons. In Alberta, the true heartland of the party, Social Credit is amply supplied with press agents. In Ottawa they have no staff at all. Solon Low, national leader, has his daughter as his only secretary. Rev. E. G. Hansell, [illegible], has only the stenographic help available to all MPs. Perforce Social Crediters speak their own words in parliament. So far they have found no apparent difficulty in filling their forty minutes' space.

• • •

One Social Credit speech during the fall session brought great joy and relief to Liberals and Progressive Conservatives. That was the night Rev. E. G. Hansell got up to deny that Social Crediters were disguised Tories, and to link his party with the Liberals.

"Let nobody think," said Hansell, "that if Social Credit should take over the reins of government here they would try to follow the lines of good honest conservative government. [illegible] Social Credit technique. If you want to go out on the election platform and fight it out on that ground it will be all right with us."

Hansell had already remarked that "it is true that in the province of Alberta they (the Social Credit Government) have not been able to exercise the Social Credit financial technique."

"We admit it, we know it," he went on. "But let it not be said that if Alberta had the constitutional right to change monetary technique it would not do so." And he quoted Premier Manning of Alberta: "If the constitution were changed to permit Social Credit to put its monetary theories into practice we would immediately implement them."

I commented on the Hansell speech next day to a Progressive Conservative [illegible] said: "Thank goodness we'll have that to show to these thick-headed tycoons out in British Columbia."

[illegible] that we didn't want [illegible] a party in B.C. because they held that it was the only way to stop the CCF. [illegible] Social Credit movement because it now is the only way to stop the CCF. Maybe Hansell's speech will convince them [illegible] their enemy as the CCF ever was and a lot stronger. ★

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>
> *I stretch and crane, I squint and frown—*
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PARADE

THE Rev Barton Thomas told his congregation in Winnipeg's St. Matthews Church that he'd read an advertisement in which a railway announced an urgent need for three hundred sleepers in good condition. He looked solemnly across the heads of his listeners and remarked: "I have given some thought to informing them that I can fill their order."

• • •

The combination of a housing shortage and unfamiliarity with the French language prompted an RCAF airman and his wife to buy a French-English dictionary to help in interviews with landlords in the Quebec city of St. Johns.

One evening the airman knocked on a door and addressed the landlord confidently: "Avez-vous un logis à louer?"

The French-speaking proprietor, bewildered by the airman's pronunciation, smiled in a polite fashion and replied apologetically: "*Pardonnez-moi, mais je ne parle pas l'anglais.*"

• • •

An Edmonton businessman decided to put in a large picture window. Mathematical computations revealed the window would be too large to carry through the house, so an elaborate scaffold was erected outside for the job.

The building supply company arrived with the glass at noon while the carpenters were away to lunch. The delivery men carried the glass through the front door, up the stairs and parked it in the front room. Next day the expensive scaffold was dismantled.

WELL, ONLY A EX TAXI DRIVER COULDA GOT ROUND THEM CORNERS

• • •

Seen on the menu of a Quebec City restaurant:

HORS D'OEUVRES
TO WET AN APPETITE

A teacher in a schoolhouse near Semans, Sask., asked a young lad to add five and five. He didn't know the answer. She told him that when he went to bed that night he should count his toes. Next day the boy said five and five made eight.

"Young man," said the exasperated teacher, "will you please take off your shoes and socks and count again?"

The boy did. The answer was eight. He had a toe missing on each foot.

• • •

People who visit the post office each morning in Temperancevale, N.B., were bewildered not long ago to discover the building simply wasn't there. Two hours later a farmer found it a mile down the road. Turned out the postmistress had decided to change its location and had neglected to tell anybody but the movers.

I WAS TIRED OF JUST MOVIN' THE FURNITURE AROUND!

• • •

We like to think of this column as a homey cracker-barrel sort of place in which no one, except perhaps the ghost of Joe Miller, can possibly get hurt. In Parade of last June 15, however, we cast a regrettable though quite unintentional slur on the reputation of a pioneer oilman, H. B. Hanson, formerly of Wetaskiwin, Alta., now of Vancouver. The item in question dealt with the ironic discovery of oil near Pigeon Lake, Alta., some thirty years after a great deal of money had been lost drilling on almost exactly the same site. Although Mr. Hanson was not named in it, we presented the story in such a way that this first Pigeon Lake drilling operation was associated with the now notorious oil swindles of that era. The facts are that those who put their money and their vision into it were engaged in a thoroughly conscientious and honorable attempt to find oil and they failed only because the money ran out. We are informed that Mr. Hanson, the promoter, invested heavily in the enterprise himself, took no commission on the stock he sold to others and continued his efforts at the Pigeon Lake site for nearly eight years. We offer him our unreserved apology.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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little minute

for a big rest

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